

THE WORLD TOMORROW

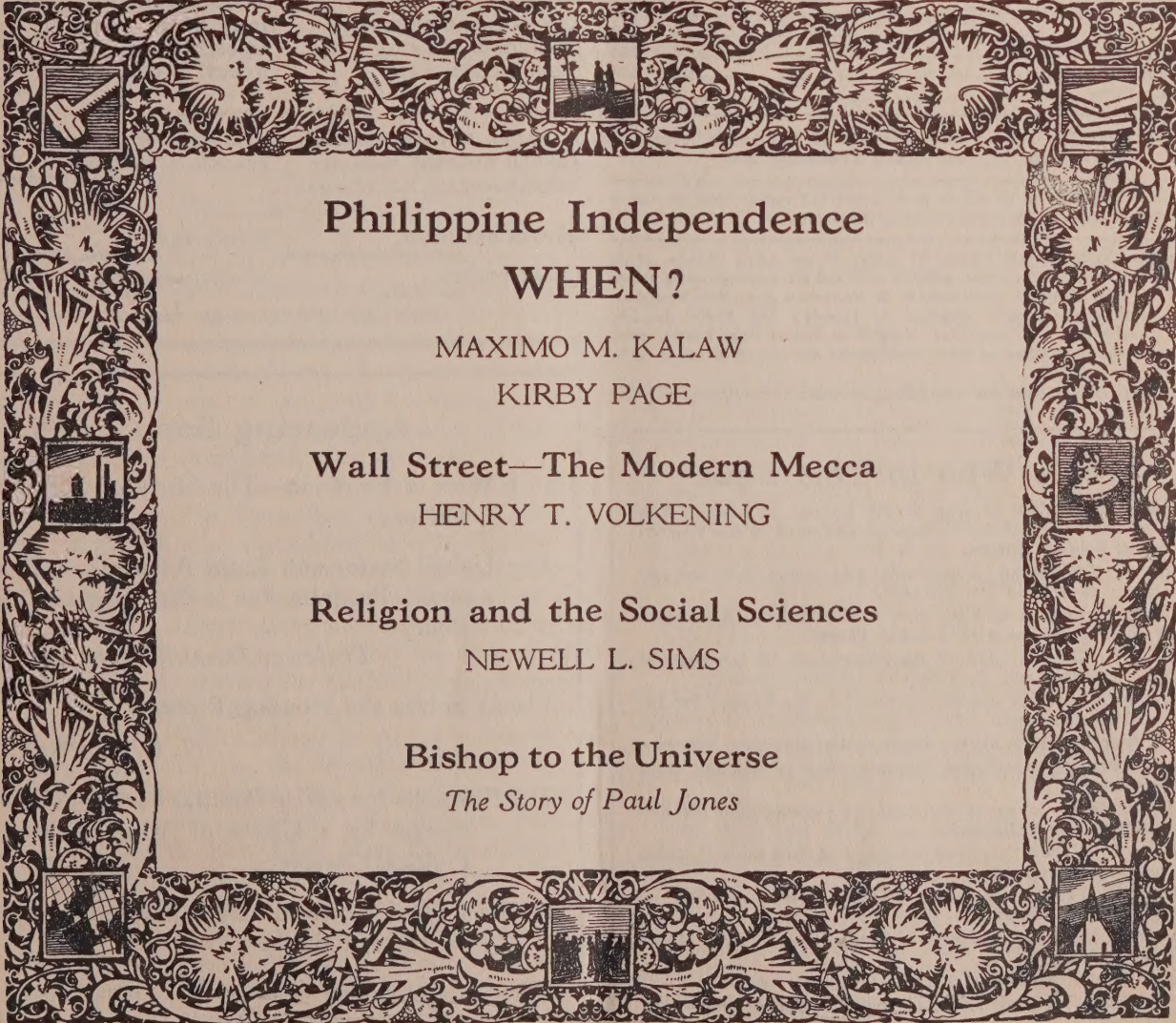
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VOL. XIII

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No. 4



Philippine Independence WHEN?

MAXIMO M. KALAW
KIRBY PAGE

Wall Street—The Modern Mecca HENRY T. VOLKENING

Religion and the Social Sciences NEWELL L. SIMS

Bishop to the Universe *The Story of Paul Jones*

THE WORLD TOMORROW, INC.
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The World Tomorrow

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Henry T. Volkening, a journalist and writer, has had experience as a Wall Street trader.

William Pickens is field secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

Newell L. Sims is head of the Department of Sociology at Oberlin College and the author of numerous books.

Norman Thomas is executive director of the League for Industrial Democracy.

H. C. Engelbrecht is history editor of Social Science Abstracts.

Louis Ginsberg contributes frequent verse to this and other magazines.

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What Is Happening in Haiti—A First-hand Account of President Hoover's Commission

Helena Hill Weed

The World Tomorrow

A Journal Looking Toward a Social Order Based on the Religion of Jesus

Vol. XIII

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No. 4

Editorials

Mr. Hoover is Not Concerned

Nothing more callous could be found than the Administration's attitude toward wage cuts and unemployment. In an effort to stem the tide of fear after the stock market crash, President Hoover issued statements attesting the fundamental soundness of American economic institutions. We shall not argue the truth or falsity of these contentions in themselves, for in the long run it will prove impossible to "kid" the country into better condition. Meantime this attitude has its corollary in efforts to minimize unemployment which are highly questionable and worse. Newspapers, in their zeal to soft-pedal the real situation, have in some localities expressly forbidden their reporters to tell the facts of business depression. And in at least one instance of our own knowledge a great broadcasting company requested a speaker of international repute not to mention unemployment.

Despite the fact that as Secretary of Commerce Mr. Hoover had in his pocket an excellent commission's report on the unemployment problem, he did nothing about it; worse, in one of his most significant campaign speeches he fell into the wildest kind of statistical understatement on the extent of unemployment in recent years, an error almost incredible in one so widely heralded for mathematical exactitude.

In the last two months frantic efforts have been made from the White House to prove a rise in employment, and each time the so-called "official" figures have been shown by competent and trustworthy economists to be utterly unreliable. Miss Frances Perkins, the highly capable New York State Commissioner of Labor, has twice challenged the figures from Washington and shown them to be inspired with the artistry of a Pollyanna, as have also such organizations as the Labor Bureau Inc., and the charitable agencies of our cities. It is true, as President Hoover says, that when the construction work pledged by large employers at the White House conference is actually under way, the situation will be partially eased. But nobody in his senses believes that this can be ac-

complished materially within a period of sixty days; nor is there any permanent solution for the perennial problem of the unemployed worker in such methods alone. It is high time that this disgraceful human issue be met squarely and with courage, and the assertion of "no concern" with which the President accompanied to the Washington correspondents his release promising an early recovery of jobs by the workers, though doubtless not intended to be as indifferent as it sounded, revealed a point of view which is one of the reasons why those with the cause of labor in their hearts can find no enthusiasm over Mr. Hoover.

We have not seen, either, any effort from the White House to condemn the many concerns which have gone ahead with wage cuts in spite of the general assurances made to labor last fall. Those who expressed doubt that labor leaders were wise in pledging the unions against strikes for pay rises were labelled hypercritical. But they have already been justified in the event. How extensively large concerns have lopped off wage rates is not known, but *Labor Age* presents an impressive list of instances. Among these are the following:

The Dan River Cotton Mills, of Virginia, reduced the wages of its operatives, who were earning on an average \$18 a week, 10 per cent, although in a bulletin to stockholders issued almost simultaneously, it was stated that during 1929 the full six per cent dividend was paid on preferred stock and 10 per cent on common.

The Chalton Mill in Fall River, Massachusetts, cut wages 38 per cent.

The Delaware Cotton Mill at Wilmington added two more looms for each worker to handle, under the "stretch-out" system, and reduced the piece work rate from \$4.00 to \$3.15 per million picks.

General cuts have been instituted at the mills in New Bedford, Massachusetts.

The Aberle Hosiery Mills of Philadelphia announced a wage cut of 12 to 33 per cent.

The Kayser Mill in Brooklyn, New York, slashed wages between 12 and 15 per cent.

An eight per cent wage cut was made by the Globe Knitting Works of Grand Rapids, Michigan.

The Lynn Shoe Manufacturers Association has proposed a cut of 20 per cent.

Bus drivers on the Lake Stages in Cleveland, Ohio, have had their pay cut a cent per mile.

Wages were cut 15 per cent by the Barrymore-Wilton Rug Company of Philadelphia.

The State High Commission of Montana announced a reduction in wages of workers under its jurisdiction. Teamsters in Butte have had their pay cut and were among the earliest to be affected, while the new wage scale has been credited by the Butte Engineers' Union as involving a reduction of \$1.75 a day.

The Wright Aeronautical Corporation of Paterson, New Jersey, laid off its entire force of 1,600 men, who were earning 50 cents an hour, starting up again later with women workers who were paid \$14 a week.

Not a rebel laborite but Edward F. O'Grady, an organizer of the American Federation of Labor, has declared that forty-nine industries have violated their pledge to the President. "Within one hour," he says, "the agreement was broken."

These instances are challenging. If they are wrongly cited in any case, we believe that *Labor Age* would appreciate correction, and the same is true of *THE WORLD TOMORROW*. But we have no doubt whatever that in the main they are true, and are representative of other cases not yet brought to light.

We should like to hear from Mr. Hoover. Will he assert his moral right to call the culpable employing interests to the bar of public disapproval? We do not believe that many people who know these facts will relish his imperturbable calm. We should like to see him roused, excited. Or is he helpless in the face of his political obligations to the powerful and ruthless?

Diminuendo at London

It is not impossible, of course, that something may occur to change the trend of the naval conference and rescue it between the writing of these words and the reading of them on the printed page. We sincerely hope it will. But there is little in sight at the present time to warrant such a hope. Enough has elapsed to indicate that the interim when France's political upsets prevented her attendance was no more responsible for the halting procedure in the conference than the stubborn ineptitude of the delegates, our own included. The French attitude was anticipated from the beginning, and France, remembering doubtless her capitulation to Mr. Snowden at The Hague on reparations, had intended from the first to reverse the situa-

tion at London and dictate terms if possible. The unwavering insistence of Japan for a higher cruiser ratio would seem inexcusable if we did not recall the anti-Japanese war propaganda of a few years ago, the exclusion act, and our frequent naval maneuvers in the Pacific. Mr. MacDonald's government seems to have frozen into a sublime incapacity for brave and resolution action. And the best that Mr. Stimson could do when spurred by the cabled protests of many influential groups, was to issue a statement the like of which has seldom been seen over the signature of even the most hardened political cynics. He built up a mammoth American tonnage figure by counting in vessels hanging over since the Spanish-American War, piling on two-thirds of the fifteen large cruisers and six smaller cruisers not yet begun, and then announced cheerily that a tonnage reduction would be effected by the conference, amounting to 200,000 tons. In reality, as Mr. Stimson very well knew, this is nothing but reduction upward, and involves us in a great program of naval construction.

We have earlier pointed out that the failure of our delegation has been chiefly due to its insistence on parity, which we do not need, its almost total lack of constructive imagination, its hidebound conservatism. But we do not think the delegation itself deserves all of the blame. The American people have been comparatively apathetic to the actual proceedings, and the peace societies awoke to the danger of parity far too late to be effective. And President Hoover, for his failure to stir the conference by a bold act of generosity and for some of the worst conceivable appointments such as those of Senators Reed and Robinson, can by no means escape his grave responsibility.

The Religious War in Russia

According to the Russian government, religion and science are embattled in the land of the Soviets. It would be truer to say that the fight is really between two religions. More and more, Communism takes on the aspect of a religion. It has a canon and a well defined orthodoxy. Its dogma, particularly its dogma of determinism, is religious rather than scientific. It practices heresy-hunting and ex-communication. Its devotees reveal a fanaticism and a zeal that are far more closely related to religious fervor than to scientific impartiality. Moreover, like all unreflective religion, Communism has an eschatology and is millennial in its hopes. World revolution rather than divine intervention will usher in its millennial dawn. Of course, it is a religion without a god except as the inexorable forces of economic process assume the aspects of a fate that is closely akin to Calvin's idea of God's will.

It is natural that a religion such as Russian Communism, in the fresh enthusiasm of youth and not yet sobered by the disappointments of history and the in-

evitable relativities of life, should be intolerant and fanatical and should exhibit special harshness toward a religion which it identifies with the world of oppression in reaction to which Communism itself was born. Christianity and capitalism are one in the Russian mind; and either term connotes something very similar to the Antichrist of Christian ideology. If a sober outsider were to make a choice between the two conflicting faiths in Russia today, he would probably give his preference to the newer religion not only because it has greater vigor and moral power but because the older had the same defects of brutality and fanaticism when it was young and powerful enough to indulge its vices.

To be sure, a great deal of the judgment that is being passed upon Russia today is neither sober nor impartial. A part of the western world is excited about the anti-religious campaign of the Soviets because it abhors the economics of Russia and is prepared to be shocked by anything Russia does. Another part is bound to express an instinctive preference for a God-fearing religion as against a Godless one, even though the former is involved with every kind of superstition. There are still others whose judgment is determined by the ties which bind them to the oppressed believers in Russia. This is a more powerful influence in the case of Jews than of Christians, for the ties of the former are racial as well as religious. To most Christians the tie is no more than a common label, except for men like Bishop Manning who actually hold convictions, ideas and sentiments closely akin to those of a Russian orthodox priest.

Our judgment, therefore, inclines toward favoring the new religion as against the old. To be sure, we are no more sober and impartial than any other observer. We have our own private editorial prejudices and one of them concerns freedom of speech and religious liberty. For this reason, we find it difficult to wax romantic as our Communist friends do about a government under which we suspect that we would ourselves be most unhappy. And we suggest that some of our liberals, who fight fanaticism of every kind in America, might well achieve a degree of consistency by opposing fanaticism wherever they find it. But they may be so outraged by the hypocrisy of a great deal of the criticism which is being levelled at Russia that they cannot find time to be consistent.

Massachusetts Censorship

In answer to various objections raised by readers and particularly by President Calkins of the Boston Watch and Ward Society, we gladly withdraw the word "innocent" as applied to the book agent in our recent editorial in which we discussed the suppression by the society of an allegedly obscene book. It appears from the evidence that the bookseller was not

entirely innocent, for he had previously been selling the book which the society's agent persuaded him to order so that it might be able to arrest him for violation of the law.

However, we are still unable to believe that the proceedings of Mr. Calkins and his assistants were highly ethical. Perhaps they represent a necessary deception of the kind which police officers regularly practice in order to apprehend criminals. But it is a question whether an organization such as the Watch and Ward has a right to become as completely an arm of the police department as it seems to have been. Although it may be true that in this case the society was suppressing a really pornographic product, public indignation against its activities could not be explained in terms of this single incident if the society had not for years assumed a semi-official function by collusion with the police, and had not again and again interfered with the right of intelligent citizens to choose their own literature. We might agree with the society that *Lady Chatterly's Lover* by D. H. Lawrence is really obscene; but what about Hemingway's *A Farewell to Arms*, which was barred when it was running serially in *Scribner's Magazine*? We do not hold with those who believe that the censorship problem is an easy one, for we can see the necessity of barring filth from circulation. But when a self-appointed group achieves semi-official status, its moral aims will be discounted by citizens who resent its coercive activities; and when it draws the lines as tightly as the Watch and Ward Society has done, it actually imperils principles of freedom and the legitimate rights of citizens. Those who think that the society has contented itself with the suppression of undoubtedly pornographic and lascivious literature are referred to a wholly impartial account of Massachusetts censorship, recently published in the *Boston University Law Review*.

A New Red Scare

We seem to be back in the days of Mitchell Palmer and his "red" hunts. The Soviet anti-religious campaign and the world-wide Communist protest against unemployment have set many of our respectable citizens off on a new inquisition. We are going to deport some of the reds if we can, and we are going to have the rest of them dismissed from their jobs. Committees of righteous and outraged citizens are being formed to save America from this menace. It is so satisfying to find the country imperiled by dangers with which you have no possible connection. That permits you to engage in the high redemptive task without seriously discommoding your own life, or sacrificing any privilege or prerequisite.

There are only about 15,000 Communists in this country. According to the proud boast of the financial columns of our papers there are at least 3,000,000

people who speculate on the stock market, hoping to get something for nothing without any concern for the poor devil who is thrown out of work by the very machine which makes their stock so profitable. We suggest that the next time our righteous anti-red committee meets, the first order of business be a survey of the activities of its various members in the interest of the unemployment problem. Some of our reds seem definitely pathological, but it is better to be sick from worry over the sickness of our society and to have a quite impossible remedy for its ills than to banquet in selfish sensuality while Lazarus starves at our doorstep.

Let us hope that the exaggerated fears of the wealthy when they see a hint of desperation in the eyes of the poor is not prompted solely by concern for their possessions, but has a hint of disquieted conscience in it. The more jewels we have the more we fear burglars. But we don't fear the burglars as much as the footman we dismissed without cause. A red scare in a rich country may be prompted not so much by the fear of desperate men as by half-conscious self-accusations of callous men.

That "Eight-Hour Day" in Steel

Ever since the steel industry capitulated to the overwhelming demand of religious and humanitarian leaders for a shorter work-day, there has been a widespread belief that the worker in this strenuous industry was now protected and laboring under greatly improved conditions. That the eight-hour day has proved largely illusory is indicated by a detailed report made by two graduate students working under the guidance of the Federal Council of Churches' Department of Research and Education. The report is carefully tabulated and presented in the Council's *Information Service* for February 15th. If anything, the figures err on the side of conservatism in statement. They reveal that out of 248,247 men covered in the report, 46.6 per cent were working on an eight-hour day basis; 44.6 per cent were working ten hours a day; 2.1 per cent eleven hours a day; 6.7 per cent twelve hours a day. Most of the men, that is, 52.5 per cent, were working a six-day week. But whereas 20.6 per cent were working a week of five to five and one-half days, more than that or 26.9 per cent were working a seven-day week! The summary declares:

The investigators consider that the figures may be taken as representing the minimum number of men on the 10, 11, and 12-hour shift and 7-day week. In fact, in many cases the figures were obviously colored in favor of the 8-hour day and 5 or 6-day week. Such figures, however, were entered on the chart in just that fashion because it was desired to use only official data. In some cases a note was made in the section "remarks" in the chart. The investigators arbitrarily considered the "one day off in nineteen" men as involved in the 7-day week. In one plant they found that the electric furnace

men work 14 hours per shift, the crane men work 14 hours on the night shift and 10 hours on the day shift and 7 days per week.

While the 8-hour day is a considerable improvement over the 12-hour day for men in the continuous processes, the investigators are of the opinion that the 8-hour day still involves much 7-day-week work. Furthermore, under the so-called forward rotation scheme, it is necessary for each man to work a double shift once in three weeks. For example, if shift A works from 7 a.m. to 3 p.m., shift B works from 3 p.m. to 11 p.m., and shift C works from 11 p.m. to 7 p.m., then when shift C takes up the shift formerly worked by shift A, it involves continuous work from 11 p.m. on one day to 3 p.m. on the next day.

How about the wages paid? Wage rates for common labor range from 24 cents to 56 cents per hour, but the majority of the workers receive from 35 to 45 cents. In at least forty-two plants an age limit for hiring prevails, varying from forty-five to sixty years, but the most frequent age limit is forty-five years. Group insurance is in effect in about 57 per cent of the 155 plants analyzed, but pensions exist in only 18 per cent.

These figures serve not only as a warning that in this great industry men are still working largely under indecent and intolerable conditions, but that more effort is needed on the part of those who believe in justice to see that the change of hours, announced seven years ago by the steel barons and carried out in only a minority of cases, is made operative throughout the industry. Not, however, until the American labor movement secures a less dilatory leadership, and labor in steel is definitely organized, will these workers entirely emerge from their unhappy serfdom.

We Approve

Occasionally we are upbraided, by friend as well as foe, for being destructive rather than constructive—for knocking instead of boosting. Waving aside the rather obvious truism that there is in the American scene much that needs "knocking," that the old needs to be torn down before the new can be built, etc., we hereby acknowledge two occurrences of recent date with which we are in hearty accord and which, we are happy to say, indicate that justice and truth are not entirely dormant and that good can triumph in this Republic of ours.

In New York on March 3rd the United States Circuit Court of Appeals handed down a decision acquitting Mrs. Mary Ware Dennett of the obscenity charge of which she was convicted last year by a Brooklyn jury. The conviction was based on the excellent, entirely wholesome little pamphlet "The Sex Side of Life," of which she is the author. In reversing the decision of the lower court, Judge Augustus N. Hand administered a firm rebuke not only to those responsible for Mrs. Dennett's conviction but to prurient censorship in general.

Also within the past month, the forces of reaction in the West which succeeded in removing Judge Ben B. Lindsey from the Colorado bar have met with a reversal. The board of governors of the California state bar have declared that disbarment proceedings in that state will not be taken against the former judge, despite pressure brought to bear by his powerful political enemies. Mr. Lindsey plans to file an application for reinstatement in Colorado, and all friends of justice and fair play will wish him luck. For whether or not one subscribes to Lindsey's companionate marriage theory is immaterial; what is important is that tolerance gain a victory over bigotry and political persecution, and that a man who was a pioneer in the juvenile court movement and who has given a lifetime to the service of the community be restored to his former position of dignity and usefulness.

For Brookwood

The unique and invaluable work of Brookwood Labor College at Katonah, New York, is well known to our readers. Under the management of A. J. Muste and his staff it has met one critical situation after another, always emerging stronger.

It is, however, forced to struggle hard just now because of the industrial depression, which makes it impossible to count on much support from individual workers or labor groups. Bishop Francis J. McConnell, Judge Julian Mack, John Dewey, and many other notables in religious and educational work have joined in an appeal for help for the College. In this plea we heartily concur. Brookwood years ahead will loom as a landmark in American social progress. It must be sustained.

Alien Registration Again

A few years ago an Americanization mania swept the country—an effort to incorporate all aliens more completely into the life of the nation. Some aspects of the movement were entirely laudable, others distinctly not so. The latter side seems to be finding belated expression through a renewed agitation in Congress for alien registration. Three bills—one in the Senate introduced by Senator Blease of South Carolina, and two in the House sponsored respectively by Congressmen Aswell of Louisiana and Cable of Ohio—are now pending which require the annual registration of every foreign born man and woman not a citizen. The certificate issued to each alien would bear his photograph, signature and other identifying data, possibly even finger prints, and he would be required to show it on demand to any police officer or agent of the Department of Labor. In other words, 7,000,000 aliens are to be regarded as potential criminals and as such may be harassed and humiliated by

a stupid, vicious piece of legislation which runs dangerously close to espionage. Is there any better way to antagonize the foreign born in our midst or, through them, to foment further disharmony with the countries from which they come? And is it likely that loyalty and respect for American institutions will be engendered in these people by such shortsighted, misguided tactics?

It is well known that a good deal of the support for such bills comes from the South which is overwhelmingly anti-immigration. A representative from Florida even went so far as to propose the entire cessation of immigration into this country and the wholesale deportation of all aliens! But without being unduly suspicious, we seem also to detect the influence of the D. A. R. and other self-styled patriots who fear radicalism. And the A. F. of L. as usual saw fit to blunder in with the announcement that it favored voluntary registration. The latter is quite as dangerous as if it were compulsory, for it is merely an opening wedge.

Fortunately, intelligent opposition to these bills is gathering. Due to the efforts of the American Civil Liberties Union, the Senate Immigration Committee has agreed not to report the Blease bill without a public hearing. And in New York a group of men and women representing social, educational, religious, and political organizations, as well as liberal periodicals, have organized themselves into a committee to oppose such registration on the ground that it would lead to constant intimidation and persecution of our alien population, to blackmail and extortion, to additional lawlessness and law evasion, and to multiplication of petty cases in our courts. More than this, it would be a serious menace to the liberty of citizens, for it would open the way to their eventual registration as well as that of aliens. It is unnecessary to say that we deplore any such attempt at bureaucratic tyranny and heartily endorse the protest.

Liberty for Haiti?

Unless preliminary reports are ill-grounded, we are inclined to believe that President Hoover's commission to Haiti has shown elasticity of mind, capacity for understanding, and sympathy with native aspirations. The exact program by which the republic is to be restored has not been officially revealed as we go to press, but the general outlines of it, as cabled by correspondents, indicate that President Hoover is deserving of high credit for accepting a liberation scheme which, if lived up to by the United States in spirit as well as letter, will do much to allay the natural fears of our imperialism around the Caribbean. Fortunately we expect to publish in our next issue a first-hand account of the Haitian situation and the work of the commission, written on the spot by a trustworthy observer.

Thirty Years in the Philippines

MAXIMO M. KALAW

WHEN the United States decided to extend her rule over the Philippines more than thirty years ago, the Filipino people had just established a republican government of their own. They had a president, a legislature partly elective and partly appointive, courts of justice, and provincial and municipal departments. Their government was, in fact, the earliest republican attempt in Asia, and its constitution was the first document drafted in this part of the globe recognizing the sovereignty of the people.

It is my purpose to review in this article what have been the outstanding contributions of America to the Philippines and what have been some of the failures or shortcomings of her administration. In the first place, under America, order has been established in the Islands, and lives and property have been protected, both of which are obviously of great importance to the community. The restoration of order was a difficult undertaking at the beginning because of the determined opposition of Filipino revolutionists to American rule. Naturally, after the capture and surrender of the revolutionary leaders it took the American government some time to stamp out banditry and in doing so it was necessary to suppress every nationalist manifestation. No one was allowed to agitate the independence question and no association was permitted openly to work for it. Freedom of the press, although proclaimed by law, was not a reality. In their determination to bring about order, a few American officials committed grave abuses of power. The concentration system which forced inhabitants to congregate within narrow limits, the deportation of leaders, and the torture of prisoners to extort confessions were practiced.

For the last fifteen years, however, complete peace and order have been maintained. Once a criminal is identified he cannot escape the constabulary and the native police. The longest time that a murderer was at large was about two months. The ideal of law-abiding citizenry was inspired by American traditions and will be handed down unimpaired to future generations of Filipinos.

TO my mind, the outstanding benefit we have derived from American rule is the enforcement of those individual liberties which form the cornerstone of the American bill of rights. Under the Spanish regime, there was no adequate protection of constitutional liberties which are the pride of every free

people. It is true that the Malolos constitution, which was the constitution of the Philippine Republic, provided for the protection of such rights. However, there was not sufficient time to test whether the Philippine Republic could have been able to protect what it advocated. Hence it is not too much to say that the American conception of individual rights has become embodied in the constitutional thought of the Filipino people; and after almost a generation of their constant application by courts of justice, now presided over in the majority of cases by Filipino judges, we need not fear their disappearance.

Another signal contribution of America to the Philippines has been a public system of instruction. Educators may differ as to details, but the people have unanimously supported the public schools, as shown by the fact that legislators from the beginning have vied with one another in giving them the most generous financial support. The system has been conducted in English and there are now more readers in this language than in any dialect or other language. Education has undoubtedly been instrumental in raising the intelligence of the masses, in diffusing knowledge of their history and government, in uniting the people into a more homogenous whole, and in preparing citizens for participation in political activities.

NO less important has been the work of the government in the establishment of sanitary measures and the education of the people as to the methods of preventing disease. Old timers still remember how the very capital of the Islands was submerged in swamps, how the moats around the Walled City were a constant menace to health and how, because of the absence of necessary sanitary measures in the earlier years of American occupation, cholera caused tremendous havoc. During the Spanish regime, there was hardly a sanitary inspector. Under America, the country has been divided into sanitary districts, and each district was placed under an inspector. Strict quarantine measures in time of epidemics have been enforced. The spread of communicable diseases has thus been controlled and the mortality greatly decreased. Such measures, added to the physical exercise required of school children, are producing a healthier and physically stronger generation of Filipinos. For the past fifteen years sanitary work has been exclusively in the hands of the natives. This fact is important because, while the early American doctors accomplished a great deal, their ignorance of

local conditions and local psychology often prevented them from attaining complete success.

In the matter of public improvements, progress has been remarkable. During Spanish times no ocean steamer could dock in Manila, and no breakwater protected the ships anchored in Manila Bay. Today the tourist lands at one of the most pretentious and costly piers in the world, built on land reclaimed from the sea. As he goes on sightseeing trips in the city, he will observe wide boulevards which thirty years ago were nothing but swamps, and splendid buildings on what used to be marshy land; and as he journeys through the provinces, he will travel on thousands of miles of concrete or macadamized roads. He can go now from the northernmost point of Luzon to the southernmost part of the island by rail or automobile. He will find stately provincial capitals and bridges spanning the widest rivers. Artesian wells have been dug in the most remote places. Long distance telephones have been established in many parts of the Islands, and preparations for aerial means of transportation are on the way. There is not the least doubt that the craving for better means of communication, like the craving for more education, will not be hampered by any political status, but will continue to be pushed through at all costs. Moreover—and this fact is significant—all the improvements in the Philippine Islands, with the exception of some three or four million *pesos* appropriated by the American Congress for the amelioration of famine incident to the war, were paid from taxes imposed on the people themselves. In other words, the Filipinos have been self-supporting.

COMING now to the question of government, it should be remembered that the municipality, which is equivalent to the American township, is in the Philippines the unit of government. Next is the province, composed of several municipalities, and then comes the central government. A centralized system is enforced whereby municipal and provincial officials are under the supervision of the insular government. Local officials are elected by the voters. In each municipality there is a president and a municipal council chosen by the people. In each province the governor and provincial board are also elected by the people. Local officials collect the taxes and carry out improvements in their districts.

Critics of the Philippine government claim that it is too paternalistic. They would like to see the provinces and municipalities more autonomous. On the other hand the defenders of the system say that the necessity in a young country about to be independent is to have a centralized government which will assure the unification of the people and thus avoid revolts and disorders. They point to China which is divided

into semi-independent provinces with a central government that at times becomes helpless and is at the mercy of the provincial warlords. In the Philippines the provinces have no police officers of their own, and the municipalities have only a few. The central government maintains the Philippine Constabulary, which is composed of some five or six thousand soldiers and handles all problems of order.

The extension of autonomy in the central government has been gradual. From 1901 to 1907 the executive and legislative departments of the government were almost completely in the hands of Americans. During that period a Philippine Commission headed by the Governor-General acted both as an executive and legislative body. From 1907 to 1916 there was a Philippine Assembly composed of members elected by the voters, and it together with the Philippine Commission had full legislative power over portions of the Islands inhabited by Christians. In 1916 the Jones Law was approved, creating the Philippine Legislature composed of a Senate and House of Representatives with authority to reorganize the executive departments. The Governor-General was given powers of supervision and control and almost absolute veto power. However, Francis Burton Harrison, then Governor-General, interpreted the measure in the most liberal way, maintaining that it was intended to create an autonomous government and to prepare the people for independence. He gave as much power as was possible to the people or their representatives. He created the Council of State composed of the presiding officers of the legislature and the cabinet, and converted this body into his highest advisory council. Subsequently the legislature gave the Council of State legal powers in administration.

IN 1913 President Wilson appointed a majority of Filipinos on the Philippine Commission thus giving the Filipinos complete legislative control. In fact, during the period from 1913 to 1916, when the Filipinos controlled the upper and lower houses of the legislature, there was much greater autonomy in the Islands than under the Wood regime, despite the fact that the new organic act passed in 1916, is entitled "An Act . . . to provide a more autonomous government to those Islands."

While the Filipinos received better treatment from the Democratic Party than from the Republican Party, they certainly expected more from the former. In 1900 the Democrats stood for immediate independence for the Philippines; but the party remained in power for eight years without granting us independence. The Filipino people accepted the Jones Law, proposed by the Democrats and approved by the majority of the Republicans, with the understanding,

expressed in the preamble that as soon as a stable government could be established in the Philippines, independence would be given them. They interpreted the phrase "stable government" just as America has interpreted it in the recognition of new governments, and just as the League of Nations interprets it in its present international relations.

In 1920 President Wilson and Governor-General Harrison made official declarations to the effect that the stable government, prerequisite to the granting of independence, was already in existence in the Islands.

It was during the Democratic administration that the Filipino people had occasion to show their loyalty to America. Relying on the good faith of the American people, when the United States entered the World War, we did not try to embarrass her. On the contrary, because America had said that her purpose in entering the war was to liberate small nations, we felt it our duty to support her. We bought liberty bonds and raised a division of Philippine soldiers to fight side by side with the Americans, in France. Moreover, all agitation for independence was stopped. As a return for this, we expected the redemption of America's solemn pledge of independence.

WHEN the Republican Party came into power in 1920, Filipinos tried to renew their independence negotiations. But the second mission which they sent in 1921 was told by President Harding that he did not believe the time had yet come for independence. At the same time he assured us that America would not rejoice in keeping a people under subjection and that with regard to the governmental powers, "no backward step is contemplated, no diminution of your domestic control is to be sought." The Filipinos interpreted "domestic control" to mean powers enjoyed by the people or their representatives which are found in the Jones Law or which are legal or extra-legal developments under the Jones Law.

When Governor-General Wood came to the Islands, however, he completely changed the interpretation of Governor-General Harrison on the Jones Law and acted upon the theory that the Governor-General should govern personally. He followed the letter of the law and withdrew a great many of the powers that had hitherto been enjoyed by the departmental secretaries. While Governor Harrison seldom used his veto power, his successor exercised it to the fullest extent, vetoing over one hundred bills and resolutions passed by the Philippine Legislature. Not content with the administrative powers which he assumed, he created what was locally known as the "military cabinet," a group of military men who became his chief advisers, with as much influence if not more than the constitutional officials appointed with the consent of

the Senate. His absolutist interpretation of his prerogatives led to the resignation of the Filipino members of the Council of State in 1923 and a veritable period of non-coöperation ensued. The members of the legislature even went to the extent of asking for his recall.

The coming of Governor-General Stimson brought about a different theory. He struck a middle-of-the-road policy between the absolutism of Governor Wood and the democracy of Governor Harrison. He restored a cabinet composed of men agreeable to the party in power in the legislature and re-created the Council of State with increased membership. He took care, however, to say that this council would have merely advisory powers. At the present time Governor-General Davis seems to be following the footsteps of his immediate predecessor.

IN her tariff relations with the Philippines America's record is not one devoid of utter selfishness. Many a time the interests of Filipino consumers and Filipino farmers have been neglected or sacrificed when such interests conflicted with American capital.

Upon the establishment of American rule, the old tariff arrangement under the Spanish regime was continued, and from the standpoint of revenue it was satisfactory. American products were received in the Philippines on equal footing with foreign products, and similarly the Dingley tariff of the United States imposed full-rate duties on Philippine goods. But American business men were not satisfied. The Philippine Commission was forced to revise the tariff and, by authority of the President, passed the Tariff Act of 1901. The latter discriminated in favor of American producers and manufacturers. Discriminatory provisions on textiles, wine, beer, and canned goods were prominent. In some respects, it was an abominable tariff, for it taxed the poor rather than the rich. For example, coarse cloth was taxed much more heavily than fine goods. The burden of taxation thus fell heavily on the poor, who bought clothes made of coarse materials, while the rich who could afford to buy fine linen and cotton clothes were favored by the tariff.

In 1902 another tariff bill was passed which was a re-enactment by Congress of the Act of 1901, with modifications. It was again a tariff to benefit American business interests. It repealed the export duties, but only in so far as the United States was concerned. The duties on goods exported to foreign countries remained. Another outrageous feature had to do with Philippine hemp. The export duty levied on it upon leaving the Philippines for the United States was refunded by the Philippine government to American importers in the United States. In this way much money was taken from the people and given to

the hemp importers in America. It looked as if the administration wanted to enrich a few Americans at the expense of the Filipinos.

Agitation in favor of free trade between the United States and the Philippines grew. But the beet, sugar, and tobacco interests in America were opposed to it. Thus the Tariff Act of 1905 was approved without many changes except in the reduction of duties on iron and steel, cotton yarns, wheat, flour, and refined sugar, and increased rates on raw cotton, raw wool, woolen yarns, rice and raw sugar, and the insertion of more articles on the free list. The export tax was continued.

BY 1909 the inhibition in the Treaty of Paris with regard to equality of treatment between Spain and American goods was lifted, hence more discriminatory legislation could now be passed. If formerly the American administration was bold enough to violate the Treaty of Paris in order to pass discriminatory legislation in favor of American goods, to what extent would it now go when no treaty prohibitions restricted its powers? The movement for free trade grew stronger, but the sugar and tobacco interests in the United States were still opposed to it. They succeeded in limiting Philippine sugar that was shipped to the United States to 300,000 tons a year, and tobacco to 150,000,000 cigars.

By the Act of 1909, therefore, a complete open door for American goods of all description prevailed, but not for Philippine goods; for besides tobacco and sugar, Philippine rice was prohibited from entering American markets. Of course, this prohibition was of no consequence because the Philippines had been for many years a rice-importing country. The provision was inserted because of the fear entertained by the rice growers of the South. This fact again illustrates the tendency, natural enough, to support American interests first and Philippine interests second.

By the Tariff Act of 1913, most of the restrictions to free trade were eliminated; but only when the American interests found that such an elimination would not be a detriment to their own business. Yet it is not true that we now have complete free trade, for while all American goods are admitted free, Philippine goods with 20 per cent of foreign material are excluded from the list of free goods that could enter the United States.

As a matter of fact, to what extent are our products protected in American markets? We protect American products, all of them, because we close our doors by levying tariff on all products coming from other countries. What does America give us in return? Under present tariff arrangements, the only products protected by America are cocoanut oil, shredded and desiccated cocoanut meat, sugar, tobacco and embroideries.

But one-sided as the present tariff arrangement is, the years 1928 and 1929 saw very serious attempts to curtail it. A movement was started to limit the amount of Philippine sugar that can be sent to the United States free or to tax it like other goods and to place tariff duties on Philippine goods such as cocoanut oil. Similarly, the movement against laborers from the Islands was in full swing, culminating in the recent outrages in California whereby peaceful Filipinos who are working there have been mobbed, one of them being killed, and their property destroyed. A conviction has been growing among Filipinos that they cannot rely on alleged continued equality of treatment under the American flag, for even now they are subjected to the most unjust racial antipathy on American soil.

WHILE America's record of her thirty years of trusteeship has been exemplary in a few respects, from the Filipinos' standpoint it has had three outstanding defects. First, there is the uncertainty as to the policy a Governor-General will take. For example, under the same Jones Law we have shown that three Governors-General—Francis Burton Harrison, General Wood, and Henry L. Stimson—have had almost contradictory policies. The second defect is America's economic legislation for the Islands, which is dictated by special American interests and is now being capped by unfair proposals against the present partial free-trade relations. The third defect, to my mind the most serious, is that Americans apparently do not agree that the Jones Law is a solemn covenant entered into between the United States and the Philippines. We feel that the time has come for complete fulfillment of that pledge; and until the two peoples come to a fresh understanding on this point no real friendship can exist.

The conviction on the part of the people of the Philippines that they are now politically matured has reached an arresting finality. They believe that the present time is opportune for Philippine independence, and that they can best develop their own individuality if they are free. While they still revere those American institutions which they have adopted in their country, they are certain that they can interpret and carry the message of America better under the ægis of a separate flag and from a seat in the concert of Pacific nations, unencumbered by any political domination. They feel that in granting the Filipinos independence, the United States will give unmistakable proof of her liberalism as well as sincere adherence to her honesty and idealism. Such a step will prove of superlative value to international goodwill and peace, and Philippine independence will light a new lamp not only in Asia, but throughout the world.

The Price of Philippine Independence

KIRBY PAGE

INDEPENDENCE is the all-absorbing topic of conversation in Manila today as it is in Calcutta.

Among the outstanding leaders with whom I have discussed this question in the Philippines are the following: Senate-President Quezon, General Aguinaldo, Senator Osmena, Governor-General Davis, President Rafael Palma of the University of the Philippines, President Rafael Corpus of the Philippine National Bank, Justice Thomas A. Street, Superintendent of Schools Bordner, Walter Robb, the editor of the American Chamber of Commerce Journal, several members of the cabinet, a dozen professors at the University of the Philippines, several editors of Philippine dailies, a number of American business men and numerous missionaries.

Independence is going to cost the Filipinos heavily—unless! Their leaders are soberly aware of the staggering price they must pay for political autonomy. They are under no illusion as to what is economically in store for their country. Yet, in spite of all risks and perils, they are eager to enter into their national birthright.

Prosperity in the islands could be guaranteed if the Filipino legislators would say to the President of the United States: "We are ready to call a halt to all independence agitation for a period of fifty years. At the end of that term we shall expect complete freedom, but in the meantime we are prepared to undergo rigorous training in self-government. Assure your citizens that foreign capital and foreign administrative experience are eagerly desired in the Philippines. We are willing to make whatever changes in our land laws and corporation laws are necessary in order to enlist the coöperation of your financiers and industrialists in developing the splendid resources of our country. We could work out an agreement so that our sugar and other resources would not compete too keenly with your own domestic products. In order to safeguard the interests of American investors, your representative in the archipelago, the Governor-General, should retain power to veto all undesirable bills."

Such action would mean not only attractive profits for foreign investors but also a higher standard of living during the next few decades for the Filipinos. Eventually this arrangement might work to their serious disadvantage, but for a while everyone concerned would probably be richer in dollars and pesos. The present economic depression in the islands is due chiefly to two causes: uncertainty and instability because of the fear that the United States may soon

withdraw; and, second, the prevailing law which prevents foreign corporations from acquiring more than 2,530 acres of land, thus making impossible the mass production of rubber and other tropical products. If these two inhibitions were removed, business would quickly boom, and the general level of physical well-being would be lifted steadily. The Filipinos can have wealth if they are willing to pay for it. All that is required is a willingness to submit to political and economic control by Americans!

ON the other hand, continued agitation for independence will probably succeed within the near future—and be followed by an economic calamity. Since 1909 the Philippines have had the enormous advantage of free trade with the United States. Access to one hundred million potential customers has been the dominant factor in increasing their export trade from 22 million dollars in 1897 to 155 millions in 1928. In the latter year three-fourths of all their exports went to the United States. The erection of a tariff wall against the islands would plunge the country into a prolonged economic depression. The sugar industry in particular would be utterly demoralized. Ninety-six per cent of all the sugar exported from the Philippines now goes to the United States. If deprived of free trade advantages, Philippine sugar would be unable to compete in the American market with Cuban products. The consequent collapse of the sugar industry would react disastrously upon the Philippines National Bank, which has some 25 per cent of its investments in sugar. It is doubtful whether the bank could weather the storm of a prolonged financial and economic depression. Most of the 30 million dollar losses incurred by the bank during the debacle of 1920 and 1921 have yet to be repaid. The Filipino leaders have been confronted with this dilemma: unless infant industries are supported with national funds, development and expansion will be seriously retarded; on the other hand, the risk of investing national funds in industrial stocks and bonds is extraordinarily grave. They have chosen the latter alternative and will be hard hit if free trade is cut off.

Moreover, not only will governmental revenues decrease and the taxable capacity of the people diminish, but governmental expenses will mount rapidly. The Filipinos will certainly regard it as essential to create and maintain at least a small national army and navy. They will also be obliged to establish customs agencies in various cities of the

world. The discovery of new markets will prove to be an expensive business. Furthermore, unless the Filipinos achieve a record never equalled in history, the inauguration of self-government will be accompanied by a temporary decrease in efficiency of administration and therefore increased expenses of government.

Independence will cost the Filipinos a terrific price. Yet they are eager to pay it. They regard the perpetuation of American rule for the next half century as utterly intolerable. They are prepared to endure economic privation rather than endure alien domination. Responsible leaders have told us that they realize only too well that independence will mean a temporary and perhaps prolonged reduction in living standards for their people. The immigration barriers which will quickly be erected by the United States will diminish the outward flow of Philippine labor and will accentuate unemployment in the islands. Only the blindest of the blind can fail to see the temporary economic costs of independence.

Yet the Filipinos ardently covet complete freedom. Some members of the wealthier class secretly fear independence, but only a few dare to express their views openly. No candidate can be elected to public office if he is known to oppose full autonomy. Year after year both branches of the legislature pass independence resolutions practically unanimously. The Moros and other non-Christian tribes probably desire to see the United States retain control, but they number less than 10 per cent of the total population. There is no question whatever that a plebiscite would reveal an overwhelming majority in favor of independence.

"We prefer freedom with pajamas to woolen suits without freedom," ran an inscription on a banner displayed in a parade of students from the University of the Philippines. "Many of us will have to give up our automobiles," remarked a public official. "Our property will decrease in value," said a University professor. Most Filipinos would rather see their national resources undeveloped than to have them pass under the economic control of foreigners. They prefer many small homesteads to a few vast estates, even if the latter insure more efficiency in production.

The prediction that Philippine independence will be accompanied by an economic disaster is based upon the assumption that free trade between the United States and the Philippines will forthwith be abolished. Most Filipino leaders take it for granted that high tariffs will thereafter be applied to their exports. And so it appears that they must choose between freedom and prosperity.

There is, however, another alternative. The Government of the United States could grant the Filipinos both independence and prosperity. A pledge of free trade for another decade would give the Filipinos more time to adjust their industries to new conditions

and enable them to inaugurate an autonomous government under less adverse circumstances. The "most-favored-nation-clause" in our commercial treaties would make it necessary to conclude special arrangements with other governments before free trade could be granted to an autonomous Philippine nation, but this could probably be done if the President of the United States strongly urged it.

FOR thirty years American spokesmen have been explaining our retention of the Philippines in terms of idealism. In the very beginning President McKinley said: "The Philippines are ours, not to exploit but to develop, to civilize, to educate, to train in the science of self-government. This is the path which we must follow or be recreant to a mighty trust committed to us." President Taft suggested the slogan: "The Philippines for the Filipinos." President Wilson announced that "we regard ourselves as trustees acting not for the advantage of the United States but for the benefit of the people of the Philippine Islands."

As to whether or not the Filipinos are really ready for independence, the answer one gives will be determined by the standard of measurement selected. Due to three centuries of Spanish tyranny, they certainly are not as well qualified as the people of the British Isles, Germany, France, Switzerland, the Scandinavian countries, or the United States. But they are undoubtedly as far advanced politically and economically as a score of self-governing nations. Some 40 to 60 per cent of the Filipinos are literate—a much higher proportion than in many autonomous countries. The number of qualified voters who actually go to the polls runs as high as 80 to 90 per cent. As far back as 1922 Governor-General Wood said: "All parties admit that the elections were fairly and honestly conducted." In his last annual report Leonard Wood said: "Life and property have been reasonably secure and travelers have gone unmolested without arms or escort wherever they cared to go. Parties of women unescorted and unattended have traversed the most remote portions of the mountain province without suffering any discourtesy or annoyance." The Wood-Forbes report says that "public order is excellent throughout the islands, with the exception of minor disturbances in the Moro regions. . . . We find that the legislative chambers are conducted with dignity and decorum and are composed of representative men."

For fifteen years the municipal and provincial governments have been manned almost entirely by Filipinos, while the national legislature exercises extraordinarily wide powers. The judiciary is composed predominantly of Filipinos and maintains a high standard of integrity and ability. The 1,111,509

pupils in the public schools are taught by 26,251 teachers, of whom all but 293 are Filipinos. The University of the Philippines is attended by some 7,000 students and maintains excellent standards of scholarship. The passion for education among the masses is impressive. Nothing in the islands so aroused my enthusiasm as did the splendid system of public schools.

THE Filipinos have plenty of faults and weaknesses. Graft and bribery are widely prevalent. Many officials are incompetent. Ninety per cent of the retail business of the islands is handled by foreigners. Two-thirds of the children of school age are not attending school at all. Adult education reaches only a few, and the circulation of newspapers and books is limited. The people speak numerous dialects and do not have a common language, although English or Spanish is understood by a considerable proportion of the population. Health conditions are still backward, in spite of exceptional progress. If one looks only at the dark side of the picture, it is easy to conclude that the Filipinos are not fit for independence.

But the same observation could be made concerning most other people. A large volume might be written about the seamy side of American life, and on a basis of this evidence it would be natural to say that the citizens of the United States are not qualified for self-government! If the municipal administration of Manila, for example, should become demoralized to the extent that has been true of the city government of Chicago under Big Bill, that fact would be widely heralded as proof of the incapacity of the Filipinos to rule themselves. President Hoover and the members of his cabinet are referred to as statesmen, but Senator Quezon, Senator Osmena and their colleagues are called politicians or *politicos*. Hundreds of bank failures in the United States annually do not cause other nations to conclude that the Americans do not deserve self-government; but one outstanding bank failure in the Philippines is harped upon year after year by every opponent of independence.

If, therefore, the standard of measurement is placed high enough, it is easy to prove that the Filipinos are not ready for self-government. Governor-General Wood, for example, once applied the following test of fitness: "A stable government means civic courage, courts of justice which give equal opportunities to the senator as well as to the simple *tao*, resources ready for disposal at any moment they are needed by the country, organization which will enable the country to defend its integrity, adequate hospitals all over the islands which are not found in the provinces we have just visited, social organization which shows keen human interest in the protection of the needy and the poor, effective public sanitation, common language, and many others." Even the most generous minded

American patriot would find it difficult to concede that there is more than one country in all the world which can qualify under this definition. Practically all other nations except the United States fall far short!

But if the *average* ability of the sixty free nations is used as a measuring rod, the Filipinos are sufficiently advanced to justify their demand for independence. The psychological effects of achieving freedom are stupendous. The people of Turkey, Czechoslovakia and other new states are manifesting a spirit of enthusiasm, industry, and self-sacrifice that is enabling their governments to surmount many perilous obstacles. There is a widespread opinion in the United States that Great Britain should grant early independence to Egypt, Iraq, and India. The evidence is overwhelming that the Filipinos are far more ready for self-government than are the peoples of these lands.

THREE alternatives are now confronting the Government of the United States: first, to retain the islands against the wishes of the Filipinos and thus perpetuate the present agitation and unrest; second, to give them early independence and cast them adrift to sink or swim; third, to launch them into nationhood under favorable circumstances. The latter course would demand some such measures as these: the fixing of a definite date, say ten years distant, when independence would automatically become effective; the granting of immediate internal autonomy; the continuation of free trade between the United States and the islands for at least a decade and then placing the Philippines on the same tariff basis as Cuba, which receives a 20 per cent discount from the tariff duties imposed upon imports into the United States; the negotiation of a treaty with Japan, Great Britain and other powers guaranteeing the independence of the Philippines, together with the entrance of the latter into the League of Nations; continued coöperation with the Filipinos in the realms of education, public health, engineering, and in other ways.

The record of constructive achievement by the United States in the Philippines stands unsurpassed in the annals of colonial administration. "No people," says the Wood-Forbes report, "under the friendly tutelage of another, have made so great a progress in so short a time." Everywhere in the islands one finds evidence of gratitude on the part of the Filipinos and an almost complete absence of the bitterness and hostility which is so prevalent in India and Syria, for example. We are on the verge of an unparalleled success in training another people for self-government. Shall we spoil it all in order to increase the profits of a few American sugar growers? By fixing a date when independence will be granted and continuing free trade for a decade, we can enable the Filipinos to have both freedom and prosperity.

Wall Street—The Modern Mecca

HENRY T. VOLKENING

WHAT a pity that there is no American fabulist to turn loose a Gulliver upon Wall Street! Lilliput and Laputa, and the country of the Houyhnhnms are commonplace communities beside it. They are real and one can believe them, just as he can believe a sailor's description of sea monsters. But Wall Street, like a giraffe, is a really extant freak of nature which, even after one has seen it, still remains incredible.

Upon this sport of finance the speculative interest of the world has come so much to be centered, that there is now scarcely a man alive who has not won or lost in the gigantic game of craps, or who has not friends who have won or lost, or who at least talks or hears talk of quick, enormous profits and sudden, crashing ruin. We have all come to know, or to know of, cases like those of a New Jersey widow with three small children, whose loss of her comfortable 200,000 dollar inheritance has left her destitute; and of a young man, whose pretentious extension to his country home remains grotesquely incomplete, exposed, like a stage setting, to passers-by; and of the bankrupt who, after having built up a speculative fortune of 4,000,000 dollars last spring, and after having increased it in the summer to 18,000,000, is now sold out and penniless, and owes his broker 500,000 dollars to boot. These are the aftermaths of the catastrophe that awoke the nation from its sweet drugged dream.

But the appalling panic of last November has already become, in retrospect, merely an unfortunate incident of the past. Four months after the greatest financial shock that the United States has ever had, brokerage houses are again sweeping up for a new crop of gamblers, inquiries are multiplying, and the Western Union is rapidly installing a new ticker that will be able to keep pace with 10,000,000 shares a day.

The fire is out, the smoke blown away, and the players are rejoining the game. These are the angels now. The fools will follow. Nothing can keep them away. For they are gamblers, like us all, and victims of the same psychology that supports even the humblest bank clerk as he drudges along contentedly on the one chance in a million that will make him Chairman of the Board. They take their tickets in the lottery, and seem not resentful if luck is against them, even though the drawings are often crooked. We are adventurous, and there are no more gold mines, where he who makes the lucky strike acquires sudden, fabulous riches. So we gravitate to Wall Street, in ever greater numbers and take the long chance that brings a thrill.

The entire cost to us of the World War was but a fraction of the losses sustained by individuals in two months in Wall Street. And even the War did not strike as near home. Yet Eddie Cantor and other alert humorists, when the worst had hardly passed, were already making profitable fun of the whole tragedy.

It is fantastic and almost beyond belief that every so often profits, which have been talked about and spent but not taken, must suddenly be wiped out before we learn the costly lesson of restraint. In five or ten years we will have another speculative orgy terminate in panic, heralded by no one and unforeseen by even the most astute of bankers and business men. Only the next crash will involve many more people throughout the world, and even more enormous sums of money. And the end will be—perhaps then, or five or ten or fifty years later, whenever the time arrives when not even the bids for distress stock by the world's billionaires will suffice to stem the tide of ruin.

THAT the whole world was involved in this debacle every traveler abroad last summer well knows. At that time there was no village in Europe where stock quotations were not avidly read, as soon as the *Paris Herald* could be delivered by fast train. The New York Stock Exchange was the focal center of millions of eyes, and even those who hitherto had professed a scorn of gambling, or an indifference to speculation, were induced at the eleventh hour to plunge in quotations with their life savings. The golden era was at hand.

On a sight-seeing bus in Vienna I heard two American women discussing their stocks. One was a school teacher from Seattle; the other a Pittsburgh widow. One had bought some Kolster Radio; the other Goldman-Sachs. They were traveling on their paper profits. In London a young woman was "seeing Europe" for the first time, "by the Grace of God and some Tel. & Tel." Atop the Gornergrat in Switzerland two American business men, alpine sticks in hand, were talking, as they looked at the silent glaciers, of being "in on a good thing." On the boat, too, where all good speculators were together, the distribution of the *Daily Mail* was signal for time-out for everyone, and for hasty scratch-paper figuring. People compared notes, told of huge profits, and reassured one another that there could be no end of rising prices. For a fleeting few months everyone was rich, or at least felt so.

Certainly the South Sea Bubble, and even the panic of 1907, the like of which we were never going to see again, were, by comparison with last November's awakening, a ripple on the surface, just as the bear market of 1929 will prove to be scarcely worth remembering when the next panic occurs. It is a rising tide which in the end will engulf us all. But, never mind. Meanwhile there will be whole long eras of unparalleled prosperity, with happy and acquisitive eyes once more madly glued to ticker tape. It has to be, for the overhead expenses of our brokerage houses and large corporations cannot long permit of doubts, hesitation, and disinterestedness.

WALL STREET is America; Wall Street will be the World! It is inevitable that it should be so. We are conscious now of tickers, and we are still far from ruined. In my college days not even the student who majored in economics knew, or cared, two pins about the Stock Market. The Professors rarely discussed it. Now every child knows the jargon, and teachers of finance are often become tipsters, though of course always in an indirect and properly Jasonic manner. When we were children our little savings were taken to the bank. Recently, in a prosperous Pennsylvania town, I was told of fifteen-year-old high school girls saving their quarters to buy a few shares of this-and-that, "which Daddy says will go up." It is the trend of the times.

How long will it take for our writers of satire to learn that in this spirit of gambling, in Wall Street, lies the vital interpretation of the American scene? Where is the modern Cervantes to lead some lovable Don Quixote through downtown New York and from there through all the United States? Or another Samuel Butler, to use our huge and still growing financial institution as the material for bettering his inimitable description of the "Musical Banks"? If it is true that the need for a man produces him, and that the need for a purge brings it, then why does James Branch Cabell play satirically in countries behind the moon, and why does Sinclair Lewis give us derision of Babbitts and Ganties and people who are no more? Modern Wall Street has produced fantastic supermen who find no representation in literature. What does Poictesme mean to a young man who in one day made \$120,000 on an investment of \$30,000, a very ordinary young man, too? What do brokers who are almost authorities upon rare first editions that they never read, and whose libraries are worth millions, what do such men have in common with Rotary Clubs and vicious, insignificant little ministers of the gospel? The Great American Novel that several times each year lifts its water-logged head above the sea of new fiction, only soon thereafter silently to sink to oblivion, will be written by the first man who tells the story of the

spirit that governs Wall Street; by him who can sum up in one grand tale its invigorating and demoralizing force, its scrambling vulgarity, its topsy-turvy logic, its hidden tragedies, and its self-assured immortality.

Our esthetes and our Babbitts may make faces at each other as much as they please. They will both go under before the driving energy of the men whom Wall Street favors. The future American world conquerors will be highly effectual esthetes, endowed with a da Vincian energy; and Napoleonic materialists, ignorant of nothing and uncompromisingly predatory.

SLOWLY but surely trading volume in Wall Street is increasing; day by day more chairs in brokerage houses are being filled with big-talking idlers who have left their business once more to make an easier living, and throughout the country men who suffered in the panic of 1929 are being joined by a new crop of speculators, all of them eager "not to miss *this* bull market." We are on our way again, it seems, to learn another lesson. We are beginning to write fairy tales to surpass those of the late hysteria. A good time to memorize a few of the best of the past, before, by contrast, they will have become dull and commonplace.

The common stock of the International Combustion Company, at its recent low of five dollars a share, had no following. And yet it was only last September that a reputable New York brokerage house recommended the stock to its customers when it was selling above 50, and said that "The company is in a strong financial position." Furthermore, though the market was at that time already started upon a gradual decline, this same house went on to say, elsewhere in the same letter: "There is nothing in the present market situation to warrant fears of a protracted decline."

A usually smart and well informed broker recommended that Mr. Smith buy United Corporation Warrants at 45. When the big break was under way, and the Warrants had sunk to 25, although Mr. Smith was not in the unfortunate position to have to sell, he was advised to "get out." When they had collapsed to 10, he was told by no means to "average," and to sell on any rally. His broker no longer "liked" the company. This same broker, I haven't the least doubt, will think highly of these same shares when, in the distant future, they will again be quoted in the neighborhood of 45.

White Sewing Machine sold as high in 1929 as 48 dollars a share. From this respectable price the stock crashed to the ridiculous figure of one dollar a share, at which price it was selling approximately at the company's estimated earnings for the third quarter!

Sonora Products was said to be cheap at 18. So was Foltis-Fischer at 35. So was Aviation Corporation at 20. The public must have thought so anyway, and perhaps even the houses of issue. In the fall these

stocks crashed to $\frac{1}{4}$, $7\frac{1}{2}$, and $4\frac{1}{2}$ respectively, and found few buyers even at those levels.

Thousands of unfortunates could add their own bedtime stories. The moral of each is that Wall Street's logic is superbly unbeatable. It leaves you speechless with wonderment.

BUT Wall Street sentiment is usually formed by events. No one predicts rain until it pours. In September the huge sum of money tied up in Broker's Loans was regarded as reflecting "changed conditions" when it should have been obvious to a mere child that it reflected nothing but the passing of stocks from strong into weak hands. When, practically over night, these same loans had declined over 50 per cent and when they had been brought down to an almost irreducible minimum, which showed clearly that stocks were in "good hands" and that nothing short of national catastrophe could consequently depress them much more, brokerage houses seemed to attach practically no importance to this convincing evidence that stocks had been pretty thoroughly liquidated.

At the height of the bull market 50 per cent margins were considered to be conservative and absolutely safe. They turned out not to be, of course, and every customer who could not put up more money was closed out at panic prices. This meant in effect that his resulting equity was usually a sorry remnant of his original investment, if indeed it was anything at all. When prices were abruptly brought down to perfectly sane levels, brokers discouraged a 50 per cent margin, and generally went so far as to advise only outright purchases, with a reserve on hand to take advantage of even lower prices, should they come.

Where but in Wall Street can one find such magnificent unreason? A prominent and conservative advisory house recommended an airplane stock last summer. It was then selling at about 30 dollars a share. No doubt at its recent price of $6\frac{1}{2}$, purchase of the shares would have been discountenanced. Many highly regarded brokerage firms not long ago prevailed upon their customers to buy heavily into a moving picture concern which subsequently became involved in serious difficulties, to which the overspeculation in its shares probably added. Indeed, one firm floated a stock issue of this same company not many months ago at a price so far above recent quotations that it will be long before those investors who were not sold out will again "see the daylight," as the quaint phrase goes.

There are other strange tales. But they are all of a piece, illustrating either absolute neglect or incompetence on the part of the brokers or bankers involved, or the unforeseeable hard-luck that they make too often the justification for the poor judgment they display.

AND so, with a sigh of relief at having buried the last bull market, we are beginning now upon another. In its first, more sensible stages people will distrust it until eventually it again culminates in a "new era" of suicides.

The public, sooner or later, will again will to be duped. And legislation is impossible, because every speculator thinks that he will be the smart exception who will reap a fortune from the folly of others. Laws enacted for his own protection he would look upon as an infringement of his rights. Of course, the brokers themselves, by requiring higher margins as prices rise, would effectually discourage this sort of orgy. But that would kill business just when, in anticipation of a long-to-be-continued period of speculation, they have geared up expensive machinery to take care of enormous participation in the merry game.

The spirit of unbridled crap-shooting will inevitably grow and enrich the already fabulously rich men of America. A "Board Room" in the high schools is not without the realm of possibility, with compulsory courses in tape-reading for boys and girls. (Already brokers have branch offices or representatives near and handy to most of our more prosperous college campuses!) Perhaps machines will do all our work for us, so that there will be little else to do but wonder "what's the market doing," to collect rare books and expensive paintings, or to dash about the earth on paper profits, in a bored and noisy search for culture. A hundred years hence, perhaps sooner, Max Rosenbloom and Mike McCarthy, or call them by whatever names you will, will be studied in our colleges as "the two outstanding men of their time at beating the game." Perhaps your great-grandchildren will have a ticker in their homes, near the television-radio.

Who knows? At any rate, Wall Street is surely every bit as much the Devil as the farmers traditionally picture it, lacking only that colorful gentleman's presumed intelligence. And its irresistible horned power, whether destined to win our world domination or bring ruin upon us (most likely it will do both in turn), is at least the most typical phenomenon of American life. The chaos and welter of gambling which, like the Black Death in Old England, makes a shambles of the United States every so many years, is run as the excuse for a security exchange. With its only reason for existence completely forgotten, it bids fair to absorb our best energies toward the establishment of a society of super-men and battered toadies, all working at a frantic gambling table, an international Monte Carlo. With this difference: that the onlookers also will be participants, whether they want it or no!

Perhaps something ought to be done about it? Or is it too late? Or is it simply true, as Swift thought, that "—the Yahoos appear to be the most unteachable of all animals"?

The Death Detail

WILLIAM PICKENS

IT is seldom that we get a clear look behind the curtains of military secrecy and see what happened "in time of war." But by a mere accident we are privileged to present, in the words of an eye-witness, the trial and the simultaneous execution of thirteen Negro soldiers of the 24th Infantry, at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, December, 1917, when the "state of war" against Germany permitted the whole procedure to be accomplished without the knowledge of the public and without any necessary official notice even to the President of the nation. Later six others were condemned and executed "before sunrise," but this is the story of the first thirteen who were convicted in court martial for their participation in the mutiny known as the "Houston Riots" in which some members of the 24th Infantry took revenge on the civil police of Houston, Texas, for various attacks on individual soldiers of the regiment.

We give this narrative in the words of a northern white boy, a soldier of Company C, 19th Infantry, which guarded the Negro prisoners during the trial and execution. He gives us a clear picture: first, of the patience, regularity, deliberation, fairness and exceeding informality of such a military court; second, of the good sportsmanship and utter humanness of the white guards of the 19th Infantry, in charge of the lives of their Negro fellow-soldiers; and third, of the qualities of the Negro soldier.

It is a story of a cold-blooded military trial and of the dramatic execution, simultaneously by hanging, of thirteen men, an account that is all the more valuable because it was not written for publication nor for any sort of formal presentation. It is a simple newsy letter sent by an American soldier on duty in the South, to his friends and family in the North, trying to convey to them an idea of the drama in which he was a silent actor. A copy of his "letter home," with its informal but most effective narrative of actions and emotions, drifted around in the hands of one of his white comrades for twelve years, finally arriving in Havana, Cuba, where it stirred the imagination of a friend of mine, who sent it back to the United States.

I do not know whether the author of the original letter is still alive. If so, he may make himself known. But many who went to France after December, 1917, have not returned. And so, with only a few insignificant orthographical and grammatical

corrections, the following are the still living words of that very human soldier boy:

"Fort Sam Houston

"Company C, 19th Infantry

"December 20, 1917

"THE trial which began November first was held in the post chapel, a building about five minutes' walk from the prison. It was an interesting sight to see the prisoners marched to the chapel each day, surrounded by a solid wall of steel (bayonets). The first morning we marched them over we must have had our picture taken by newspaper and movie men a dozen times.

"The court consisted of three brigadier generals and nine colonels. The judge advocate occupies the same position as our civil prosecuting attorney. The counsel for the defense is a commissioned officer selected by the accused. Major Grier defended the Negroes in a very creditable manner.

"From what I have been told, Major Grier taught military law at West Point for quite a while. I mention this merely to emphasize the fact that the government spared nothing in order that the colored men might get a fair trial. The first thing that occurs to a spectator at a military court is its fairness. He might say to himself, 'if I were accused and innocent I would like to be tried by military court, but if I were guilty, I would prefer a civil court.' In the first place, the thirteen members of the court are men who have spent their lives and received their education in different sections of the country; such men are free from this local or Southern prejudice. They are not only educated and broad-minded, but they understand human nature, for they have handled men all their lives.

"Now what part of this court is unlike our jury? We might say that each member of the court is a prosecuting attorney and each member is a counsel for the defense, meaning that a member of the court can cross-question a witness or any of the accused in the same manner as the prosecution or the defense. I need not explain to you further why this is a benefit to a man who is innocent and a black eye to one who is guilty. All the flowery, spell-binding oratory in the world is just a waste of breath. These men are dealers in facts only—unlike some of our civil juries who many times are made up of gullible ignorant backwoodsmen.

JUST a brief word as to the cause of the riot—or rather, my understanding of it. A Houston civil policeman for some reason or other attempted to arrest a colored woman. A Negro soldier of the 24th Infantry who was passing by, protested to the policeman not for arresting her but for using what he thought was unnecessary violence, whereupon the officer at once arrested him. A colored military police appeared (Corporal Baltimore) and demanded the release of the soldier. The policeman struck the Military Police, saying, 'Do you want some of this too?' A false report soon reached the Negro camp that Corporal Baltimore had been killed by a Houston policeman. As the latter had attacked other soldiers unfairly at different times, and protests had fallen on deaf ears, the men decided to go to town and take the law into their own hands. They mutinied, made a rush on the ammunition tent, and started off to finish the job they had planned.

"When it came time for the trial, some ten or fifteen of these men who had taken part in the riot turned State's evidence. None of the original sixty-four, however.

"A military court is not so interesting as a civil court. There is less emotion—only cold facts. If the prosecution or the defense makes an attempt to speak in a harsh tone to any one on the stand, in order to confuse him, a member of the court at once rises to object. I mention this merely to emphasize the fact that a military court may seem dry and dull. This trial appeared to be one-sided. The defense had hardly an inch of solid ground to stand on. Strangely enough, every man pleaded not guilty. The trial lasted one month to the day.

"Maybe it would not be out of place here to mention the spirit of these men while confined and under the strain. What kept them in good cheer from beginning to end was their ability to sing. I honestly believe there was not a poor singer among the entire sixty-four. Everyone in the guardhouse was anxious to hear their songs, and all the guards who were not on duty jammed themselves against the steel bar door which led into the prisoners' room.

"The spiritual welfare of the men was cared for by the Negro Y. M. C. A., and by an old white-haired French priest who came from Oklahoma; and every colored church in the vicinity sent its members to the guardhouse to sing and pray—women carrying infants, old men, and even children. They formed themselves outside the building, some of them with tambourines, others playing violins. What a treat this was to the confined prisoners!

IF you will look at the photograph I sent you of the court room scene, in the second row, fourth man from the left, you will see 'Big Frank

Johnson'. Physically this man was a splendid specimen—six feet six inches in height, weight about 260 pounds. He looked not more than twenty-six. This big Negro was one 'bunch of joy' from the moment he entered the guardhouse until the time he took his place on the scaffold. Was the man out of his mind, I asked myself, or was his apparent happiness veneered and forced just to show further contempt? No, I am sure it was due to other reasons. He was good natured as he was big, and his aim was to cheer and amuse his down-hearted comrades who were less able to stand the strain.

"Johnson was an interesting story-teller as well as a good singer. When the prisoners asked their big mate to tell them a story, even the guards would listen. 'All right, everybody keep quiet,' Johnson would cry out, 'and I will tell you all what happened to me night before last, while I was down town.' Then he would spin a coherent, interesting yarn of how he had been to town, as though he had never been arrested, and was spending money like a Pittsburgh millionaire, riding around in fine automobiles, having champagne suppers, and all the pretty 'high yellow' girls falling in love with him. Most of the time before he went home he would end in a fight. He would tell these stories so convincingly that more than once a guard innocently inquired if Johnson had had a leave of absence lately. Johnson's friends claimed he was the champion liar of the world, but everybody encouraged him because he was so amusing. He never told the same story twice. If Johnson had had literary training, with his vivid imagination he would have been a master of fiction.

"One day some colored folks came to sing and preach, and among them was a woman with a baby in her arms. Johnson wasn't much interested in all the religious talk, and it was not in him to play the part of a hypocrite. But just as soon as he saw the baby he jumped up with his old time smile, stuck his big arm through the bars and begged the mother to let him hold the child only for a minute. This the woman did, and Johnson felt as though he had been given a privilege that was to be envied by a king. This was the only time I ever saw his eyes wet. He was telling the woman that he had a little baby brother at home.

IN the army when there is any work to be done, the nature of the work, who is to do it, and when it is to be done is posted on a bulletin board known as the 'detail.' Sometimes, however, the list of names is read by the first sergeant and the work is explained orally. About ten days after the close of the trial, the colonel of the 19th Infantry, the judge advocate, and the chaplain appeared in the

guardhouse. It was shortly after nine o'clock at night. 'Sergeant,' said the colonel, 'have the men on this list brought up here and cuffed and shackled. Have two men come up at a time and chain them to each other.' As the sergeant started down the steps into the room where the prisoners were, he winked at us, and whispered, 'The Death Detail.'

"When the lights were turned on, the prisoners bobbed up knowing that something unusual was to take place. The heavy voice of the sergeant broke the stillness of the room: 'As I call the names off, I want you men to gather up all your belongings, including your blanket, then come front and center.' The prisoners raised themselves to a sitting position to listen. 'Sergeant Nesbit and Corporal Brown,' rang out the first two names. Everybody knew now that the names which were to be called were those of the doomed men.

"The prisoners soon came out with their things. As soon as they saw the handcuffs and shackles, they looked at each other with a sickly smile. They realized they were not listening to a detail in which they were going to be given a little disagreeable work. No—each man whose name was called knew he would have to face a firing squad or, worse still, a scaffold.

"The condemned men were marched across the street to a room in one of the troops of the Sixth Cavalry. In the middle of the room was a little stove around which the men grouped in a circle, sitting on benches. Cots were given them, but they did not care to make use of them. About 11 o'clock that night the chaplain of the 19th Infantry entered the room; his face was white as a sheet and void of expression. He mentioned nothing relative to their sentence, but merely said he hoped each one had prepared himself to meet God. After reading certain parts of the Bible, and offering a short prayer, he told the men he was going to leave them for awhile and on his return he would try to bring a couple of colored ministers with him. Can you imagine how all this sounded to the prisoners who had not yet heard their sentence? During the chaplain's absence, the men each in turn read a verse from the Bible. All, I should say, save Johnson. He being the off-man, not chained to any one, was stretched out on the floor like a big Newfoundland dog. Someone suggested singing hymns. The giant was not much interested, but his comrades begged him to join. As the doomed men sang 'Nearer My God to Thee,' every listener's cheek was wet with tears.

"THE chaplain did not return until the following night and it chanced to be my turn on guard when he arrived with two colored ministers. The

three men drew up chairs with the group about the stove. For a minute a dead silence prevailed. Everybody seemed to feel instinctively that the chaplain was ready to deliver the fatal message. With a bowed head and in a low voice, he made known to them the verdict of the court-martial: 'You are all to be hanged tomorrow morning at the Slough to the rear of Camp Travis at 7:17. You will leave here at 6 o'clock sharp. If any of you have any friends or relatives I could find nearby, I will gladly go and get them in my automobile.' No one had any such friends. The men then asked if the chaplain would intercede for them to see if they couldn't be shot instead of being hanged. But the chaplain shook his head, saying, he had already made such a request before the proper authorities, but to no avail.

"The two colored preachers who were excellent singers tried to cheer the men by their songs. The saddest feature of the whole night was when they were singing the hymn 'Too Late.' The prisoners' faces were swollen for they had not slept a wink in four days. Most of them shut their eyes and their bodies were slumped down. As they shifted about on the bench, their chains rattled—a ghastly noise that seemed to fit the gloomy song they were singing.

"EARLY on the morning of the execution my post was changed to the front of the guardhouse. What a cheerless, miserable morning it was! Five o'clock and pitch dark—no trace of the moon or a single star anywhere. The air was damp and cold, and a bleak wind which was blowing made the weather feel colder than if the thermometer had been at zero.

"At the stroke of 5:30, the lights of the huge army trucks began to pierce the darkness. These were the machines of the doctors and other officers. Soon the noise of the automobiles was drowned by the clatter of horses' hoofs on the hard pavement—troops from the Sixth Cavalry who were to form a skirmish line a few hundred yards around the scaffold and to act as an extra guard going out. Every third or fourth rider carried a lantern, for it was still very dark. 'Fours right!—Halt!' rang the gruff command out of the darkness. As if the movement had been executed by a single horse, a straight line of cavalymen were facing the barracks where the condemned men were confined.

"Not all the men of our company were on the 'hanging detail', as we called it. The night before the execution the detail was posted and instructions given just what each man was to do. I was to play the part of conductor. My duty was to help lead the doomed men up to the scaffold, carry them if necessary, then assist in putting the ropes about their necks.

"The jingle of the chains could now be heard. 'The men are coming,' some one said. The tail-boards on the trucks were let down, a little platform was placed at the rear of each truck, and the men were soon ready for their last ride.

"As soon as we started, the four men on my truck began to sing a hymn. After that Johnson, who was among them, made a speech. 'I want to thank you boys of C Company,' he said. 'You fellows didn't beat us, maybe like murderers ought to be treated, but we were treated like we were your brothers. If my thanks are worth anything to you men, I want to give it to you. If any of you ever go to France, I wish you all the luck in the world.' The men then stripped themselves of all their trinkets, and passed them out to the guards for souvenirs. One of them gave me his \$2.50 Ingersoll watch.

"Our gloomy procession was moving swiftly on toward the Slough. What a horrible ride it was! The road was full of bumps and hollows, and at times we were nearly thrown from the truck. The headlight on the leading automobile at last found the scaffold, which had been put up that night. It was now day-break, but the grey, ugly dawn seemed only to give the scene added gloom. A gruesome spectacle it was—like a few acres borrowed from 'Dante's Hell.' Not far from the scaffold ran a muddy creek. The exposed roots of the trees resembled knotted piles of slimy snakes. Nearby in the thick brushwood was a crackling bonfire. The sentries who had been up all night without a relief looked like Satan's favorite imps as they leaned over these little fires holding their fixed bayonets.

"The doomed men were taken off the trucks, not one making the slightest attempt to resist. They were shivering a little, but I think this was due more to the cold rather than fear. The unlucky thirteen were lined up. The conductors took their places and the men for the last time heard the command, 'March!'

"Thirteen ropes dangled from the cross-beam of the scaffold, a chair in front of every rope, six on one side, seven on the other. As the ropes were being fastened about the men's necks, big Johnson's voice suddenly broke into a hymn—'Lord, I'm Comin' Home'—and the others joined him. The eyes of even the hardest of us were wet.

"A Catholic priest, a colored minister, and the Protestant chaplain of the 19th Infantry rose in succession and offered a few words of prayer. When they had finished, a major spoke to the doomed men saying, 'Just as soon as I give the command "Attention," I want you men to stand up.' 'Yes sir', they all smiled. The major raised his arms to horizontal position and in a loud voice shouted 'Attention.' Like the well trained soldiers they were, they sprang to

their feet as one man, everyone of them wearing a proud smile. 'Good-bye C Company!' they called. The major lowered his hand to his side with a snap: this was the signal for the men to pull the rope to spring the trap. Away the chairs were jerked, down went the trap. . . .

"THE men, I believe, were killed instantly for they showed no signs of having suffered. They were executed at 7:17—the same precision with which everything is carried on in the Army.

"After they were taken down, each body was put into an expensive army casket, and carried about fifty yards from the scaffold where they were given a Christian burial. For some reason or other, a guard was detailed to watch over the graves for three days. As I was one of the eight men left behind to act as guard, you may be curious to know the feelings of one placed in such a position.

"It is needless for me to say that the most important part of a soldier's profession is 'not to be afraid.' Each man was to go on post at the graves for one hour alone, then six hours in the tent. The tent was pitched in the exact spot where the scaffold stood. (The Engineering Corps had taken down the scaffold and placed it on the trucks immediately after the execution.) A winding and obstructed path led from the tent to the graves. At 1:10 A. M., the sentry at the graves turned his orders over to me, and the corporal of the guard cried 'Post.' The relieved sentry and the corporal made their way back to the tent, and I was left alone by the graves. The sky was void of illumination. I might as well be blindfolded for all I could see in this thicket. The occasional crack of the dry trees, the rush of the wind, the distant howl of a dog—these were the only noises that broke the stillness. As I walked around the graves, it seemed impossible that the melodious voices of those men were stilled forever. Only a short while ago I heard them singing on the scaffold. That sad final hymn will always ring in my ears. I didn't dare to hum it for fear it might attract their ghosts, who would gather around me to join in on the chorus. The whole thing was like a wild nightmare of a mad man. Mentally I saw big Johnson singing in the steel cage and the others joining in the chorus. I saw him stick his arm out through the bars and playfully hold that little child; then I followed him to the room with the stove where the thirteen sang to the music of their clanking chains. Such was my night out at the Slough or 'Hangman's Grove,' as the boys named it.

"A few days after the execution, the other prisoners who had been sentenced to life imprisonment were taken to Fort Leavenworth, by members of Company C of the 19th Infantry"

Not in the Headlines

Honors for Laidler

Dr. Harry W. Laidler, executive director of the League for Industrial Democracy, author of many books on Socialism, and long an outstanding Socialist himself, has been elected president of the National Bureau of Economic Research.

Seeing the World

Tourist expenditures by citizens of the United States have been estimated by the Bureau of Immigration as follows:

1923	500,000,000
1924	600,000,000
1925	660,000,000
1926	709,000,000
1927	770,000,000

Mexico Returns the Compliment

As a reciprocal project of good-will in return for the school bags which children of the United States sent to Mexico last year, Dr. Moises Saenz, Vice-Minister of Education, is arranging to have Mexican children send forty-nine exhibit cases to the United States—one for each state and one for the District of Columbia. The cases will contain samples of the art and craft work done by boys and girls in Mexican schools, also lacquer and pottery pieces for which the country is famous. The Committee on World Friendship among Children, 289 Fourth Avenue, New York City, has taken charge of the exhibit of these Mexican gifts in various parts of the country.

A Better Way with Criminals

A new penal system has been instituted in Prussia in which the sentencing power is taken out of the hands of the judge and placed with a special board charged with the scientific study and treatment of the criminal. All prisoners are carefully classified, and special study is made of each offender's physical and mental condition and his family and social history. Psychiatrists have been employed to give special treatment to prisoners who are suffering from mental or social mal-adjustment. Another department will arrange for the employment of prisoners in factories and shops in the community, in order to prepare the offender for a social, law-abiding life.

What Government Costs

The total cost of government in the United States, covering the aggregate expenditures of federal, state, and local governmental authorities and including capital outlays and debt retirements, amounted to \$12,179,000,000 for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1927, as against \$11,616,000,000 in the preceding year and against \$2,919,000,000 in 1913, according to a study just completed by the National Industrial Conference Board. The principal part of the more than one-half billion dollar increase was incurred by the local governments whose total outlay in 1927 was \$6,454,000,000, exceeding their expenditures of the preceding year by more than \$300,000,000. Expenditures of the federal and the aggregate of expenditures of the state governments increased by a little more than \$100,000,000 each, the federal government expenditures for the fiscal year 1927 amounting to \$4,069,000,000 and that of the state governments totalling \$1,656,000,000.

Argentina's Young Socialists

Numbering seventy groups, the Young Socialists of Argentina are the first in Latin America to affiliate with the Socialist Youth's International.

A Move Against Capital Punishment

A bill to abolish capital punishment in New York has been introduced in the state legislature by Senator A. Spencer Feld and Hon. Harry A. Samberg. It will be given a joint public hearing before the Codes Committee of the New York Legislature in the senate chamber.

Women Workers

According to the Women's Bureau, there were in the United States in 1890 515,000 married women gainfully employed in industries and various occupations. This was between four and five per cent of all married women. In 1920 nearly 2,000,000 married women were employed—nine per cent of all married women, or one in every eleven. Women who were separated, divorced, or widowed were not included in these figures. In one state alone—Ohio—a study of 16,222 women workers showed that 2,784 were widowed, separated, or divorced, 4,613 were married, and 8,825 were single. Unmarried women represented only a little over half of all the workers.

National Income

That 11,122 persons (out of about 23,000,000 families) each with a net income of over \$100,000, received in the calendar year 1927 an aggregate net income of \$2,833,218,000—or about one-thirtieth of the national income that year—is shown by an analysis of the report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue made by the People's Lobby. The report shows that only 3,974,802 persons—about one-sixth of the number of families in the nation—had an income of over \$1,000. Only 2,978,704 persons, or about one-eighth of the number of families, received a net income of over \$2,000—although \$2,000 is the lowest amount upon which two adults and three minors can maintain an American standard of living in most large industrial centers.

A Church Good-Will Court

"Any one who cherishes a grudge or sense of injustice in his relations with others is breeding evils in his own life and in the life of the community at large. He owes it to himself and it is one of his obligations as a citizen to have these difficulties cleared up as soon and as effectively as possible." These words formed part of the explanatory statement issued by John Haynes Holmes, minister of the Community Church, New York City, at the recent opening of the Community Church Good-Will Court. This court, established by Mr. Holmes and his assistants to settle the differences of all who appear before it, sits every Tuesday at 5 o'clock. A group of judges, who have been selected because of their special fitness to consider the type of problem brought before them, serve each week in the month. It is planned that the court will deal roughly with four types of cases: employment disagreements, strained social relations, financial and business difficulties, and mental conflicts.

Religion and the Social Sciences*

NEWELL L. SIMS

THE terms religion and sociology both suffer from such wide latitude of meaning that definition is required for any intelligent discussion. Let us, therefore, understand by religion an hypothesis of existence coupled with a program of conduct—in other words, an adventure to demonstrate some theory of life. All faiths may be so described.

Sociology commonly refers alike to an art, a technology, and a science, or to all three. Its devotees are social workers, social engineers, and social scientists. The latter are sociologists proper—scientists seeking to understand and explain a type of natural phenomenon called human association. Social workers are those attempting to remedy social ills in a practical way without much regard for scientific knowledge. However, they are coming more and more to base their programs upon the findings of science. There is, in fact, no reason why social science and reform should not henceforth walk hand in hand. Indeed, it is hard to conceive of a sociology that does not legitimately include both the humanitarian and the scientific objective. To explain and describe group life is necessary, but it would scarcely seem enough unless knowledge is merely for knowledge's sake. Therefore, to utilize knowledge for the direction of group life would seem to be its proper role. Hence, while eager for the facts, sociology is also solicitous about the social destiny.

It is this dual role, I suppose, that makes sociology and religion kin. Both are teleologic. Religion puts purpose into the universe, and sociology, in so far as it attempts to shape the course of society, puts purpose into human affairs. There is, however, a vast difference in the teleology of the two, rendering their kinship more nominal than real. This comes about because they entertain different theories of causation.

Religion attributes to existence some design, purpose, or end that is either inherent in the nature of things or injected into the universe by deity. All is moving toward some divine event or working together toward some consummation which man is to discover and accept. If we take the ideology of modernism, the universe is commonly assumed to be good at heart and the very stars in their courses to be working to make the good prevail.

Sociology, on the contrary, makes no assumptions of this sort, although once, to be sure, it was guilty of so doing. Under the influence of Comte, Spencer,

and Darwin it postulated pre-destined growth, development, and progress. Spencer taught the automatic evolution of the social order. Comte and his school believed things were going full steam ahead for the millennium. The natural selectionists affirmed the mechanical process of race perfection. Today sociology rejects all these. In its present mood it hesitates to affirm any such thing as progress. Even when it is so emboldened, it does not trust in any automatic trend but only in such shaping of events as man can negotiate. Social progress thus resolves itself to conscious control by human effort. The automatic transformations that are all the while taking place are looked upon as blind driftings, devoid of purpose or objective until psychological and social forces give them direction.

IF we ask what direction is being given, no one can say with assurance. Man hasn't the social order well enough in hand to know just where he is steering it. Hence the disputes about the trend, the doubts concerning the reality of progress. We have the assertion of some that it is toward increased freedom, of others that it is to the realization of greater coöperation and harmony. Be the drift, if any, what it may, it is certainly toward qualities to which men attach value and for which they are laboring. Religion likewise is in pursuit of values regardless of how they originate. Consequently, there is always a chance, in so far as it is social, that religion and sociology may be focusing upon identical objectives.

As a matter of fact, religious modernism pretends to be in quest of essentially the same social values as sociology deems necessary for advancement. It is only natural that this should be the case, under the assumption that religious belief is the outgrowth of social conditions and practices. If, however, religion generally does not seem to perform according to the behavioristic theory of its origin and development, the failure is to be accounted for in terms of cultural lag. In other words, old beliefs and values by which men have lived for so long hang on despite the changed social order with its new practices and values. Always, however, a vanguard of religious pilgrims are trying to catch up with the changed world. They are the propagandists of a more social religion. We call them modernists today.

So we have the social gospel or religion trying to square itself with modern society. Curiously enough, sociology was once religious. At least, a good deal

* Third in a series of six articles on Religion and Contemporary Thought. Reproduction limited to 300 words.

of it was called "Christian sociology." The first book bearing that title seems to have been published by Stuckenberg in 1880. But sociology has ceased to be "Christian" or even religious since it has developed into a natural science. Meantime, religion has become increasingly social in that it has reinterpreted itself in the light of and taken on the behavior patterns of the modern world; otherwise it has, of course, always been social. It could not be anything else.

THE twentieth century is often described as the age of social questions. The literature of religion, however, seems to be less concerned about them today than it was during the last quarter of the nineteenth century, if the number of books devoted to "Christian sociology" be taken as the criterion. Such books are apparently growing fewer in number. This fact probably signifies merely that the social emphasis is taken more for granted. It has become less self-conscious and assertive, but perhaps no less actual. The change marks the passing from a writing stage to one of projects and organization. Evidence of this has appeared in the many church programs on industrial relations; in codes of social justice; and in pronouncements made by religious bodies on war, peace, race relations, and international problems. Thus an old religion is shaking off a past order and taking on a new social configuration.

Churchmen are positive, however, that the socializing movement has recently undergone a slump. They sense not alone the diminution of writing to which we have referred but a cessation of interest in social causes. A reactionary swing toward the mystical and individualistic is said to be manifesting itself. If such is indeed the case, it does not necessarily nullify our contention regarding the general trend, for social change is more or less rhythmical. The present slump may indicate nothing more than a normal dip in the curve of change.

THE most significant development of sociology during the last few years has been in method. It has shifted from an armchair and speculative study to a research and fact-gathering science. Whereas its students used to foregather after the manner of mediaeval schoolmen to dispute over theories, they now meet to hear reports on research projects involving the use of such methods as social surveys, case studies, statistical analysis, and quantitative measurements. Social problems and human relations are being studied by all known scientific procedures in order to build up a body of objective data which will furnish the basis for a true science of society.

Important effects of this methodology are already manifest. It has produced a hard-boiled attitude

toward reforms and programs of every sort that are not based on well substantiated and objectively determined facts. Naturally this has meant a slap in the face of religion, since the latter's traditional method has been the pursuit of hypotheses without checking of facts. It has sought what its value judgments dictate should be regardless of what can be. Such visionary and impractical quest of ends is obviously sociologically unsound. Hypotheses to the scientist are only starting points, not ends; they are but signals to go after the facts. And the latter when obtained are all-authoritative.

RELIGION is challenged to adopt scientific procedure in directing ethical and moral behavior. Can it do so? To be sure. But will it not be the worse for it, since facts have a habit of sabotaging hypotheses? Will not many common religious dogmas, affirmations and postulates concerning human conduct fall to the ground? No doubt; and with the result that there will be a great deal more sociology and much less religion.

In truth, the decimating effect of the scientific method on religion becomes apparent even before the latter has seriously adopted the procedure. Of this the diminishing role of religion as a means of social control gives evidence. It does not appear that society can long tolerate the methods of science and religion as co-residents. One must go. Little by little scientific scrutiny has robbed all the old authorities and sanctions for conduct of their validity. State, law, dogma, ethical code, church and conscience have lost sanctity and power. It is not that the masses have been emancipated by any rational understanding but that they have somehow caught the attitude and are behaving accordingly. With slight respect for the old controls left, conduct grows increasingly pragmatic and opportunistic.

To attribute this to the scientific spirit alone would be to claim too much. Other factors equally important are operative as, for instance, the expansion, diversification and increasing complexity of western civilization. As a French sociologist has recently shown, the diminishing force of religious sanction in social control is due in part to the fact that the boundaries of social units have been extended to incorporate culturally dissimilar groups. This mixing of people and the submergence of provincial cultures in larger heterogeneous wholes has no doubt lent its influence to the same end as scientific method.

SOCIOLOGY, being in the last analysis primarily interested in social control, is keenly alive to what is happening. Events have prompted it to a more thorough study of the whole process of social change, including the breakdown of old behavior patterns and

the forces back of them. While interpreting the transformations, it is not indifferent to the need for order and stability nor averse to proposing new sanctions for conduct. If, therefore, religion fails as an agency of social control in part because of the method of science, so much the worse for religion and so much the better, even though more challenging, for sociology.

Nevertheless, the method of sociology is being taken over by religion. Church organizations are establishing research agencies in increasing numbers. They have already become numerous enough to hold a conference. The research department of the Federal Council of Churches was the pioneer in the use of the method. For a decade it has been conducting studies especially in the field of industrial relations. Other agencies are engaged in research on the status of church organization, benevolences, questions of religious leadership, educational and other problems. Not many pressing problems, however, have been attacked and those that have been are clearly social rather than religious. Thus we have church agencies becoming sociologists, lending a hand to the latter's tasks but so far steering clear of what is peculiarly their own. That such groups are resorting to research at all is another sign that religion is adjusting itself to the modern age. It also gives promise that, if the method is carried far enough, a religion of humanity may be the outcome.

Toward such a religion there seems to be a definite inclination among the socially minded—that is, toward a religion, or hypothesis of life, devoid of the worship of cosmic gods. Walter Lippmann calls it the new Humanism, but August Comte, the grandfather of sociology, called it the religion of Humanity. Let us sketch its grounds and characteristics.

When the scientific method has been rigidly applied to religious phenomena and the latter's social origin and developments have been fully disclosed, the one thing that appears outstanding is man himself. He emerges triumphant in the midst of, if not over, his handiwork. He is revealed as Discoverer, Master, and Creator. Discoverer, inasmuch as he has pried into the mysteries of the universe until almost no secret thing is hid or bids fair long to be concealed from his understanding. Master, because he has conquered the forces of nature and made them his slaves, his civilization being the measure of his power to bring all these things into subjection. Creator, because, when the universe gave no explanation of itself and before his incessant questioning was dumb, he created a world behind the universe and peopled it with gods to give meaning to all, imparting purpose where there was none, above all putting what good there is into existence by devising civilization, until the quality and quantity of human life has been

steadily increased. Thus as discoverer approaching omniscience, as master approximating omnipotence, as creator attaining the divine, man, now becoming observant, self-conscious, and sublimely egotistic, begins to question the value of the cosmic gods he has made. He begins to sense a great perversion in bemeaning himself as he has so long done in the belief that his chief end is to glorify gods which are but products of his own imagination.

Reduced as it is to nothing more than an *elan vital*, the deistic postulate cannot even then be verified as a useful fact nor pursued as a helpful ideal. Therefore sufficiently disillusioned, the modern man seeks a reasonable alternative to his cosmic value system in a religion that properly appreciates himself. This religion involves the adoration, exaltation, glorification and magnification of mankind and the social order. Instead of a faith that, as Edmund Gosse put it, "can do nothing with this pathetic and fugitive existence of ours but treat it as if it were the uncomfortable ante-chamber to a palace which no one has explored and of the place of which we know absolutely nothing," one may be substituted that will treat man with proper dignity and respect and yield immediate and tangible results. What matters anyhow the relation of "the mind of man and the starry universe!" Inquiry concerning it is fruitless and, as Bacon said, "like a virgin dedicated to God, produces nothing." At best it yields only metaphysical abstractions, while the practical issues of life are concerned with the relation of man to his fellows. Why then not make the most of the latter and call it religion?

A RELIGION of humanity would challenge to adventure quite as lofty and heroic as any faith. Its program would involve abiding confidence in mankind and the unlimited possibilities of man's attainment. It would call for work in the exaltation of everything that is humanly good, and against everything that is humanly evil. It would require devotion to the social order that the utmost measure of justice, peace, harmony, joy, freedom, good-will, coöperation and human excellence may come to prevail.

Withal, the glorification of man and the perfecting of the social order would seem to supply all the essential elements of any religion. It would call for as much faith, demand as much sacrifice, involve as much adventure and offer as many rewards as the glorification of cosmic deity and the perfecting of the saints.

Utopian? Yes, like all religion. And yet possible for the socially minded who find science demolishing their cosmic faith. And probable, too, if deity worshiping and mystery motivated cults shall subject themselves to the method of science.

Clippings

Inversion

The living dogmas of the dead have become the dead dogmas of the living.—*John Herman Randall*, in a public address.

One Reason for Soviet Anti-Religion

We must not only use force to suppress Bolshevism, but we must follow the teachings of Jesus Christ.—*Bishop William T. Manning*, *New York Times*, Jan. 20, 1919.

Democracy's Lesson

The most difficult lesson American democracy has to learn is to tolerate leaders who are great enough to differ from their constituencies when necessary. Until democracy learns this lesson, it cannot hope for really great leadership in public affairs. For no man of authentic greatness of mind and character will purchase political position at the price of adjourning his own intelligence and becoming the errand boy of either Main Street or Wall Street.—*President Glenn Frank*, at Atlanta, Ga., as reported in the *New York Times*, Jan. 21, 1930.

What a University Should Be

A university should be the home of the untrammelled and the unafraid—where eager and skeptical spirits gaze at the phenomenon of mankind and at the far-flung world with frank ingenuous interest. A university should be a place where nothing is taken for granted, where everything must prove itself, where any kind of question may be asked, where freedom is unabridged to observe, to think, to write, and to speak. . . . Over the doors of our universities might well be written these words: "Here is a home where brave spirits may search and understand." Too often there are no such words. Instead there is a note scribbled on the gate-post in the language of Luigi Lucatelli: "Farewell, good Sirs: I am leaving for the future. I shall wait for humanity at the cross-roads, three hundred years hence."—*Raymond B. Fosdick*, in *The Virginia Quarterly Review*, p. 511, 1929.

Strategy or Trickery?

Some of us may think President Hoover was well warranted in holding back many of his real thoughts on the subject of peace to help make sure of election. Some others may think the mis-education of our electorate which thus occurred was too high a price. Whether he actually did omit much of his peace program from his campaign speeches is a question of fact. For light on it, I suggest comparing many of his recent moves in international relations with what he said on October 6, 1928, at Johnson City and Elizabethton, Tennessee: "... Peace must be founded on respect. . . . We must maintain our navy and army in such fashion that we shall have complete defense of our homes from even the fear of foreign invasion." That looks like deliberate concealment to some. When it is used by persons we like, it is usually called "necessary compromise" . . . "political expediency," etc. When it is used by persons we don't like, it is called by an uglier name. I just happen to feel that, even when justifying it, we would better for the sake of honesty always call it by its right name—trickery.—*Patrick Murphy Mallin*, *Friends Intelligencer*, Twelfth Month 28, 1929.

Despotism

It is the essence of despotism of any sort to inhibit intellectual freedom, to stamp out individuality, to standardize automatic obedience.—*John Palmer Gavit*, in *The Survey Graphic*, March 1, 1930.

Socialist Achievements

Under Mayor Hoan, Milwaukee has established a free employment bureau, the first police school in the U. S.; has today the largest per capita adult enrollment in night schools; and has cooperated with Milwaukee County in establishing an old age pension plan. The city is rated as the most efficient of any in municipal services such as ash and garbage collection, and trained direction of playgrounds. Socialists in the legislature . . . have made Wisconsin the most advanced state in progressive labor legislation, and the first state to outlaw "yellow-dog" labor contracts.—*League for Industrial Democracy Monthly*, January, 1930.

Silence Means Destruction

It is not solely that men and women sunk in poverty cannot practice the Christian virtues in conditions with which we surround them. The more fortunate are also sharers in the wrong they help to perpetuate. Sympathy dies, and the Church becomes merely doctrinal and ceremonious, cold and formal. Christianity is not meant to be so; it is a warm and throbbing faith. It is not a quiescent faith; it calls for action in right doing; it challenges the conscience of men; the churches may try to keep silent but they dare not, for to keep silent spells destruction. The law of Christ cannot be invoked for the life after death and denied in the life we live on earth. And if there is economic and social maladjustment, institutional perversions of the moral law by which men suffer, it is Christ's concern, and therefore the concern of all churches built in the name of Christ.—*Land and Freedom*, November-December, 1929.

Shall a Doctor Advertise?

The slogan, "It Pays to Advertise," has been misunderstood. Public health officers and public health organizations and the medical profession in general have felt that advertising for health implied that they were beckoning for business and that the public might misinterpret it as "paying" the medical profession only. Such an interpretation is obviously far from correct. It costs far less to get the proper treatment from a reputable doctor than it does to jump from one quack to another, from one "sure cure" to another. Health education is the foundation upon which preventive medicine is built—and effective health education will find its best outlet in advertising. . . . The day will come when, as health administrators, we will employ copywriters, artists and popular journalists; when we shall produce advertising copy, pictures, talkies—not in a stilted form, but in the attractive and telling form used to promote a commercial product, the only difference being that we shall be scrupulous about the accuracy of our facts. But accuracy can be attractive. There is romance in the history of disease germs, and more excitement in a fight between germs for the prize of a child's health than any ringside can offer.—*Shirley W. Wynne*, M.D., *Survey Graphic*, January, 1930.

Bishop to the Universe

*The Story of Paul Jones**

"SO this is the Bishop's palace!" The speaker was a Scotch woman, full of years and of wisdom, and the gentle irony of the remark was inspired by the modest domicile in Orange, New Jersey, which has, for many years, been the episcopal residence of the Right Reverend Paul Jones, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church. To find one of so high ecclesiastical rank housed in such complete simplicity, was for a British subject a new and startling experience. True—one does hear of such a mode of living among Bishops who have gone forth as missionaries, but in the "States" as well as in Great Britain, the rank of chief Diocesan carries with it the assumption of high material, as well as high spiritual, standards of living.

Scant wonder then that the typically small suburban dwelling should call forth an exclamation. Scant wonder, on the other hand, that *Bishop* Jones should choose just such a house for homing his family. For this Bishop would find material ease incompatible with the habits of behavior which have developed as a result of auto-conditioning over a long period of years. For these behavior-habits have, in turn, so affected the mental processes of Paul Jones that the convictions set forth by him seven years ago in "The Philosophy of a Madman" have become the nucleus of a social philosophy to which he applies the pragmatic test in every detail of his personal as well as of his official life.

It has become customary in writing biography to use, in so far as material is available and deduction possible, the method of cause and effect. If such a plan is adopted in approaching, however briefly, the life of Paul Jones, material concerning antecedents and background is easily procurable and, in logical sequence, deduction just as easily determinable. But with this difference—that following the rules of logic the deductions thus made must disagree with the known facts. And just herein lies the superior value of biography of the living over that of the dead. Certainly behaviorist psychology receives a challenge in Paul Jones' life-story.

SPRUNG from Welsh and English forbears, whose progeny had settled in New England and New York, Paul Jones was born in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania. At that time Wilkes-Barre numbered among its population more persons of large fortune than any

other city in Pennsylvania—Philadelphia and Pittsburgh only excepted, and the source of this material prosperity was anthracite coal. At the zenith of the coal era in the history of this industrial town, the family of the Rector of St. Stephen's Church there was augmented by the advent of a son. Yes, Paul Jones was of the house and lineage of Levi in the Protestant Episcopal Church. His father and his father's father had, each in turn, served the Church in the capacity of priest, the latter for 33 years as Rector of the Church of the Epiphany, New York; the former, for 40 years as Rector of St. Stephen's, Wilkes-Barre.

It is but natural that the Jones children should have grown up "in association only with right-thinking people of the best type," and so it was that the boy, born and reared in an important industrial centre, was impervious to it as such, because he was surrounded by the protective influence of a refined home, a liberal but thoroughly orthodox Sunday-school and Church, and a traditional private-school, the Wilkes-Barre Academy. That the boy's reflexes *at that time* responded properly to environmental conditioning two facts attest: in Sunday-school he was rewarded for perfect attendance during a period of four years, and in the Academy he was for several years first in his class! Thus Paul Jones, well-grounded in the standards of respectability—accustomed to conform to the accepted social and national code—locally distinguished by academic achievement—assured of future success by reason of the behavior-habits established through the *best* environment—Paul Jones entered Yale!

THE first years of college-life were for Paul Jones insignificant beyond the fact that his keen intellect, his healthy pleasure in athletics and in social events made them in the main happy. Nevertheless even during these years the question of the future and a career began to give him pause. When, during the second half of his collegiate period, the question demanded an answer, Paul determined to "think through" (afterwards a favorite phrase and *modus solvendi*) the problem. This process, the first complete experiment of the kind, brought him face to face with certain facts, facts which struck a blow at the supporting-beams of the super-structure of life-standards as he had been taught to see them. The facts are two—one academic, the other practical.

The former entailed a definition of "success," and here despite the environment of his childhood, he saw himself as a non-conformist. Success, as he viewed it,

*One of a series of biographical sketches of pathfinders to a new society, published anonymously to permit greater frankness. Reproduction limited to 300 words.

was entirely apart from the connotation of the term which was commonly accepted. For him, it meant a life devoid of ambition of a subjective kind; devoid of acquisitiveness even when exerted toward the attainment of laudable qualities. Success for him was in a purposeful life lived objectively.

The second of the two facts was that a life-work which would be a definite expression at one and the same time of his own inclinations and of service to society might eventually involve him in the repudiation of more definitions than that of "success." How much of struggle there may have been in the serious process whereby Paul Jones thus relinquished his first hold on the principles which his youthful training had given him, we are not permitted to know. For it was typical of him then, as it is typical of him today, that such struggle is never allowed to waste in emotional reminiscence, but finds instead immediate application in the affairs of life.

So it was that Paul Jones, considering Forestry Service and the Ministry of the Church as two possible ways of living an objectively useful life, chose the latter and in the fall of 1902, following his receipt of the baccalaureate degree from Yale University, entered the Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge. How rudimentary was the first "thinking through" method is shown in the fact that aside from its effect on the vocational destiny of Paul Jones, it in no way influenced his concepts of right and wrong in other departments. Proof of this is his activity as a strike-breaker in the anthracite strike during the summer of 1902, the interim of his graduation from Yale and his matriculation in the Cambridge Divinity School.

THE fact that he was to receive the degree of Bachelor of Divinity from the Cambridge Theological School would under ordinary circumstances have been a cause for satisfaction. But, in the case of Paul Jones the circumstances were not ordinary. For across the horizon of his vision had appeared the figure of a man, and with that intrusion the horizon had receded—the vision broadened. Franklin Spencer Spalding, Missionary Bishop of Utah, had come East for several purposes, one of which was to find a young man who would see in his diocese opportunity not for promotion and prestige, but instead for service. To convey in words a true impression of the power and magnetism of this great personality is impossible. Bishop Spalding, outstanding Socialist, was as feared in the Church as he was respected. Yet wherever he went, he left something behind him, for none could lightly hear his words, and the Church Socialist League part of whose purpose was "to further social justice by prayer and study of socialism," owed much of its sustained impetus to the vigorous social Christianity of Bishop Spalding.

When therefore Paul Jones, eager for sight of the star which should guide him to the land of his desire, listened to Spalding's account of Utah and its crying need of men who could find among gray lives in lonely places adventure for God, he decided to follow.

FROM 1906 to 1911 together with his friend, D. K. Johnston, and from 1911 to 1914 alone, Paul Jones lived in Logan. "There they" (Johnston and Jones) "lived on terms of genuine friendship with the Mormon people, drawing about them by means of club, gymnasium and classes other young men. On Sundays they preached Christian sympathy and were able to draw encouraging congregations of young Latter-Day Saints to listen to them. Their audience usually consisted of Mormons, the proportion at times being about thirty of those to one Church member."

Very early in their period of activity there, on October 13th, 1906, Bishop Spalding wrote of these two men: "Jones and Johnston are doing splendidly. They are very happy and the people like them. . . . I think they appreciate that it is to be slow, hard work, but they see the need and are full of enthusiasm, and they propose, too, to get other men from Cambridge. It is wonderful what an impression they have made on the town. It's the first time really well-educated gentlemen have been sent there. I'm hoping great things for Logan."

And the Bishop was not to be disappointed of his hope. *The Portal* which was edited by the two young men at Logan became an important factor in the growth of the work there, and its pages bore continuous evidence of the influence of the great Bishop upon Paul Jones. Christian Socialism, a movement within the Church to apply the social Gospel of Jesus to all human relationships including those of race, industry and nations, became for Paul Jones during these years, a spiritual passion. More and more, as he himself whimsically expressed it, he "easily moved still further away from the sound conclusions on which the stability of our institutions rests."

In 1913 he visited California and while there married Mary Elizabeth Balch, of Coronado Beach, whom he had known for several years. Miss Balch had been fostered in a home where the term "success" had much of the connotation which her husband, years before, had given it. She has contributed to their union not only a rich companionship, but also a naturally progressive and liberal outlook which has enabled her to sympathize completely with the ideals and ideas of her husband.

ON what slight contingencies hangs the web of Destiny! In November of that year, in Salt Lake City, just as a certain man was crossing a street,

¹ John Howard Melish: *Franklin Spencer Spalding, Man and Bishop*.

a car shot suddenly around a corner, struck the man with full force and jammed, in response to steering effort, into the nearest lamp-post. The man was Franklin Spencer Spalding. Within a month after the tragedy, Paul Jones was elected Bishop of Utah and joined the Socialist Party!

By the time Paul Jones was consecrated Bishop of Utah, the Great War was already four months old. That the new Bishop was anti-war neither surprised nor disturbed anyone. Many persons who had no Socialist leanings were equally so. Hence sermons, and addresses dealing with the possible inconsistency of the inclusion of war in the Christian program were received with slight if any opposition. But the new Bishop was too close a student of men and affairs to be caught by the idealistic slogans whose use was a part of the preparedness program of the United States. Accordingly during 1915 and 1916 he was active in opposing all measures which pointed to the future entrance of this country into the conflict. Finally in the fall of 1916 at the General Convention of the Episcopal Church in St. Louis, Paul Jones leading a Forum on "Christianity and Force" openly declared himself by taking the full pacifist position. He had "thought the problem through," and like Luther of old he faced his peers with the unanswerable challenge: "Here I stand; I can do no other!"

Less than a year later, in the Spring of 1917, the United States entered the War. Although Bishop Jones merely continued to interpret the Christian attitude toward war in the terms which he had been using since 1914, he was now looked upon with suspicion. Among those who thus questioned him, not one seemed to see the consistency of the Bishop's position, the inconsistency of its reversal. His own words express the situation clearly: "I had committed myself to an interpretation of Christianity that had no place in it for war, and I did not see how a mere declaration by Congress could alter the principles involved. The inevitableness of it, as I look back, was the most striking thing about the whole experience."

JUST one year after the entrance of the United States into the War, Paul Jones resigned the Bishopric of Utah! The story of the series of events which resulted in this loss to the Episcopal Church is a familiar one, and its details are easily obtainable. The spark of antagonism kindled at a "time of excited public opinion" needed only a zephyr to fan it into flame. The zephyr breezed over it when Bishop Jones, en route for Coronado Beach, California, to bring back to Utah his little daughter who had been visiting her grandparents, attended and addressed a Conference of Christian Pacifists in Los Angeles. The drama, showing how garbled reports of this conference in the Utah press led to an official protest from the Council

of Advice of the Diocese of Utah; of how the Wardens and Vestry of St. Mark's Church, Salt Lake City, endorsed this protest; of how these two bodies demanded his resignation and filed copies of their resolutions with the House of Bishops; of how the House of Bishops, granting Paul Jones a brief leave of absence, appointed a Commission to inquire into the matter; of how he was invited to meet the Commission to state his case, *but was actually accorded no such opportunity*—this drama reached its climax when, in response to the decision of the Commission Paul Jones having offered his resignation, the House of Bishops "in view of Bishop Jones' impaired usefulness in Utah" accepted it.

Even when summarized briefly, minus stage-settings and lighting-effects, minus the sordid "close-ups," of hatred and bitterness, minus the actors' portrayal of cowardice in high places, this story of shocking injustice is harrowing enough. Only one fact softens slightly this incredible act of the Episcopal Church; that many of her members, both clerical and lay, and among them some who could not take the full pacifist position, protested vigorously the action of the House



From an etching by Bernard Sanders

Paul Jones

of Bishops. But one voice was not lifted in protest. Paul Jones, true to the principles which had been so dearly bought, refrained from words, and while he retained his title, he lost his seat in the House of Bishops.

For two years he labored as missionary in the Diocese of Maine, working and preaching there, much as he had done in the old days at Logan.

BACK in 1916, while he was endeavoring to prevent the future participation of the United States in the War, he had happened to read in *The Literary Digest* an account of the first conference in this country of the Fellowship of Reconciliation. Part of the statement of principles of this organization was contained in the article. He describes his reaction thus: "When I read it I said to myself, 'That says it; that's what I have been looking for.' So I applied for membership . . . there wasn't anything else for me to do." In 1920, Paul Jones was called to succeed Norman Thomas as Secretary of the Fellowship. To it he has given ten years—ten years of constructive work—ten years of ripe and wise leadership—so that much of the steady and fine growth of the Fellowship is due to his careful guidance.

During this decade from 1920 to 1930, his personal life has been enriched by the birth of a son, as well as by the blessings which accrue in family relations which contain no problem. During this decade, his life has incalculably enriched the lives of many. His counsel is in constant demand and he gives himself unstintingly to an unlimited number of great causes.

PAUL JONES is physically large and well-proportioned. His appearance gives a sense of balance. A strong face in which kindness and humor are blended, contains blue eyes which look directly, very directly and steadily at the object of their gaze, whether it be a person, place or thing. His hands are large, and they wield a pen or a saw with equal facility.

He has dignity about him, dignity rooted in an imperturbable serenity. Indeed, I have heard people say who know him well that they would give a lot to see Paul rise up in wrath or excitement. He is the sort of man who sits calmly and fills his veteran of a pipe while everybody else rushes to watch the thrill of fire-trucks shrieking their way to a two-alarm fire. Yes, a trifle maddening! I have heard those who know him only a little describe him as merely easy-going, irresponsible. But he is sensitive, warm, immediately responsive to unimportant people if not always equally so to big-wigs.

No man on earth is more approachable. His ideas on high-pressure efficiency methods are more Oriental than of the West. In ten years I have called him on

the telephone hundreds of times. The only time I ever heard about his being "in conference" was late in 1929, and I felt much the shock of one hearing about a staid daughter's elopment. All kinds of people are drawn to him, all colors, creeds, conditions, citizens from every corner of society. He has spoken successfully before Rotarians and wobblies, he has almost literally expounded the gospel and pounded the—soapbox. More than many a bishop entrenched in splendor, he reaches subtly out, and far. He is veritably Bishop to the Universe.

Eleven years after the action taken by the House of Bishops, the diocese of Southern Ohio called upon "Bishop" Jones to assume the duties of Acting Bishop during the interim of the Diocesan's illness and death and the election of his successor. To this call, Paul Jones responded and from the city of Cincinnati the Acting Bishop administers the Diocese, preaching and teaching, *without protest now*, his Christian Social Gospel in its entirety.

WHAT is this Christian Social Gospel, the subject on the one hand of so much bitter controversy, on the other of such exalted incentive to sacrificial love? For Paul Jones, it is a social order wherein "Jesus' principles are applied to all human relationships." For Paul Jones, it is a social order which recognizes in Jesus' teachings three fundamental principles: first, "the supreme value of personality," second, "the necessity of putting the kingdom of right relationships before everything else," and third, "the use of the creative power of love as the great method of overcoming evil." No Christian could do other than agree with it—in theory. But for Paul Jones there is no theory apart from its application. "Had the bishops of the Church" he says, "thought to have had any spiritual I. Q. taken when I was elected to succeed Bishop Spalding, the difficulty for the church would have been avoided." His spiritual I. Q. would have shown conclusively that he recognized no national, industrial or racial problem to whose solution a method other than that of the creative power of love should be applied. Paul Jones is still an ardent and an active member of the Socialist Party. His Socialism has grown with that of the movement, and somewhere the spirit of Franklin Spencer Spalding must smile, appeased!

A Request

If any of our subscribers or friends have extra copies of our January and February, 1930, issues, we shall appreciate it if they will mail them to our office, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York City.

Findings

"Next to the originator of a good sentence is the first quoter of it."—Emerson.

Once Upon a Time

Petronius: My lord, it is these religious fellows who cause all the real disturbance in the province. They need the strong hand.
—*John Masefield, The Trial of Jesus.*

The Patriotic Bias

The patriotic bias is a recognized perversion of thought and judgment against which our education should guard us.—*William Graham Sumner, Folkways.*

Any Imports?

If America contributed no more to the sum and total of human comforts than toothaches relieved and mosquitos asphyxiated, the world would entertain emotions of gratitude. But America exports tin automobiles and cheap tobacco, missionaries and dance records, cant and humbug.—*Kanhaya Lal Gauba, Uncle Sham, p. 11.*

Consciences and Consciences

In the recent war we seemed to accept the doctrine that the government must be tender in the conscription of property and stern in the conscription of life. We drafted men but not wealth. A conscience against war brought objectors to prison; a lack of conscience against stealing brought profiteers to palaces.—*Robert M. LaFollette, in the introduction to The Conscientious Objector in America, by Norman Thomas.*

Samuel, We Still Need You

Man cannot so far know the connection of causes and events, as that he may venture to do wrong in order to do right. When we pursue an end by lawful means, we may always console our miscarriage by the hope of future recompense. When we consult only our own policy, and attempt to find a nearer way to good by overleaping the settled boundary of right and wrong, we cannot be happy even by success because we cannot escape the consciousness of our fault; but if we miscarry, the disappointment is irremediably embittered.—*Dr. Samuel Johnson, Rasselas, p. 126.*

Economic Persecution

The old Liberal watchwords were applied in the wrong sphere, that of economics; it is in the mental sphere that they really apply. We want free competition in ideas, not in business. The difficulty is that, as free competition in business dies out, the victors more and more seek to use their economic power in the mental and moral sphere and to insist upon right living and right thinking as a condition of being allowed to earn a living. This is unfortunate, since "right living" means hypocrisy and "right thinking" means stupidity. There is the gravest danger that, whether under plutocracy or under Socialism, all mental and moral progress will be rendered impossible by economic persecution.—*Bertrand Russell, Sceptical Essays, pp. 185, 186.*

Not the First Time!

The most notable execution of the period occurred in Boston, where Mrs. Ann Hibbins paid the penalty, as has been said of "having more wit than her neighbors."—*Thomas Jefferson Werthenbaker, The First Americans, p. 153.*

How Little We Love

We are beginning to have it burned in upon our consciences that our big navies are not the sign of our strength, but the sign of our weakness; the sign of how little we love, of how little we are ruled by good will, of how little we trust.—*E. Stanley Jones, The Christ of Every Road, p. 193.*

What Price Violence

If labor descends to violence in its struggle against the holders of economic power, such methods are likely to be used by one faction just as the weapons—machine guns and gas bombs—devised for use against the national enemy are used by the state against its striking workers. Thus the coming of a more coöperative order based on more coöperative people would be further postponed.—*George L. Collins, Pacifism in the Modern World, p. 108.*

How to Read the Newspaper

Some people treat the newspaper with absurd respect, reading it through as if every syllable mattered. Others speak of it with contempt: "There never is anything in the newspaper; you waste your time reading it." . . . What helps a man to think? Simply taking the daily newspaper for what it really is: a page of history. Look for history in its ill written sheets, you will think the thoughts of history; look for society, business, or sport news, you will talk the language of the tea table, the stock market, or the baseball field, but *you will not think!*—*Ernest Dimnet, The Art of Thinking, p. 148.*

Well, It Strongly Impresses Us

In 1681 Thomas Burnet published a "Sacred Theory of the Earth," which made a strong impression, although it contains a fanciful notion of the earth's structure. The author maintains that up to the time of the Deluge, the earth had enjoyed perpetual spring, but that the wickedness of mankind led to a catastrophe in which the sun's rays split open the crust of the earth, which was crushed like an egg, allowing a supposed central abyss of waters to rush out. William Whiston became still more explicit. In his "New Theory of the Earth" (1696) he demonstrated to his own satisfaction with mathematical exactness that Noah's flood was caused on November 18, 2349 B. C., when the tail of a comet passed over the equator and caused a downpour of rain at the same time that the earth was broken open and the "internal abyss" poured forth water to inundate the land.—*Willis T. Lee, Stories in Stone, p. 182.*

Now I Am for the League*

NORMAN THOMAS

MR. CHAIRMAN, Ladies and Gentlemen: A great shadow has passed over my heart because the Foreign Policy Association, in spite of its large budget and great expenditure for research asked me to come here to speak as a critic of the League of Nations, notwithstanding the fact that I am absolutely the only Presidential candidate in the year 1928, on any ticket, great or small, who said even one kind word for the League of Nations. (Laughter)

To think that it shouldn't be known by the public in general is merely to recognize a sad fact, but to think that it shouldn't be known by the Foreign Policy Association is distressing in the extreme. I can only explain it by saying that I was not unbounded in my enthusiasm for immediate entry into the League, that my party's platform declared for entry on conditions that would promote the peace of the world, and that I very frankly thought that there were other things in our platform more important, including the cancellation of debts, not as a matter of abstract justice, but as preparing the way for the only truly successful solution of the reparations question, including the recognition of Russia; including the abrogation of our imperialism, especially in Caribbean regions. You see there are other points somewhat more important which would possibly help to determine the conditions under which our membership in the League would be of benefit rather than of disadvantage to the rest of the world.

That may explain why I should be in this role this afternoon. Or perhaps some memory of my past may be the explanation. American politics are very singular things, and in nothing are they more singular than the history of the League of Nations. The successor of Woodrow Wilson and his party, which had unbounded courage in the discussion of prohibition, never officially mentioned the words, "League of Nations," and to be able to talk as much as they did during a political campaign without saying "League of Nations," is a remarkable testimony to self-restraint.

The party of Herbert Hoover did say, "League of Nations," and explained that we were willing to co-operate with the League of Nations in all its good works, with the understanding that we were the sole judge of which of the works were good—this in spite of the fact that Mr. Hoover in 1920 was so ardent an advocate of the League of Nations that he advised the election of Warren G. Harding to put us into it, along with other distinguished Americans whose names

I have not now time to recite. And yet in the face of that record the Socialist party, which in 1919 and 1920 was bitterly opposed to our joining the League of Nations, gave the kind of qualified endorsement of it of which I have spoken.

I do not come by way of any penitence for our past. Very briefly let me say, and later elaborate my point, that it was of undoubted benefit to America and to the world that the United States of 1919 and 1920 did not join the League of Nations of 1919 and 1920; that the League's chance of developing as an agency of internationalism rather than as a new and more deadly Holy Alliance, was largely due to the failure of the United States to join at that time. I shall have more to say on the question.

MAY I now, at the risk of stirring up some memories that might perhaps better lie quiet, say a few words about those years of 1919 and 1920, and may I say these words to some of my friends in this audience who are passionate devotees of the League of Nations, but who in my judgment will not make a great success in selling the League of Nations to their own country until they realize the force of some of these memories. For it is one of the singular things about our country that a great many common folk, men and women, all over the country, who would repudiate quite sincerely any Socialist connections, felt consciously or subconsciously, in greater or less degree, some of those forces that operated consciously in the minds of the Socialists to make them oppose the League in 1919 and 1920. In other words, there were people whose desires were genuinely international, whose hopes were for a world government in an interdependent world, who then opposed the League as not likely to attain their desired end. And to this day it is not fair, and it is not wise, to assume that all opposition in America to the League of Nations is the opposition of folk who are provincial, imperialistic or self-righteous.

So I ask you to remember those days that some of us would like to forget. Let me ask you to remember for one thing that the men who were most conspicuous in the advocacy of the League of Nations were the men who were responsible for a hypocritical war and a more hypocritical peace. Let me remind you that they were the men responsible for the secret treaties, of which we were not informed. Let me remind you that they were responsible for the fantastically stupid, as well as outrageously immoral intervention in Russia,

*An abridgement of an address delivered recently before the Foreign Policy Association of New York, and reprinted by permission.

that they forced Germany to sign the lie that Germany was solely guilty of the War, that they continued to blockade it in the face of all humanity long after the Armistice was signed, that they forced over the peace of Versailles which was in important parts a direct repudiation of the terms of the Armistice.

LET me remind you that these men who told us that the League of Nations was our hope were the same men who in almost every country, with ruthless hand, were putting down labor and labor organizations during the years when they advocated the League of Nations. And when we turn to America, well, the advocates, the most conspicuous advocates of the League of Nations were men who did more to kill civil liberties in this country than any generation of Americans, for liberty has suffered more in America at the hands of its alleged friends than from all its enemies put together. The Wilson government was keeping Eugene Debs and other industrial and political prisoners in jail long after, months and months after, they had been released in every other country in Europe. It had behind it the record of forcing imperialism in the Caribbean regions to a new high watermark. It was responsible for the blood of young Mexicans slain in an utterly unjustifiable bombardment of Vera Cruz. It was responsible for injunctions without parallel in history in their repressive quality, and for anti-Red raids which marked a terrible height of hysteria in this country.

Postmaster General Burleson, of the administration, had enforced a stupid censorship, which as I told Colonel House during the War, had had the effect of letting loose all Tory criticism of the President, while chaining up all Left Wing criticism that might have been an offset for that criticism,

While Mr. Wilson talked League of Nations we were learning, by his own admission, that we had been put into the War for economic reasons, and that we got out of the War little if any of those ideals of which we had heard.

THESE things may not be comfortable to hear, but these were the reasons why men and women said, "We don't trust your League; we don't trust a League bound up with the peace of Versailles; we don't trust a League dominated obviously by the very men who are responsible for the War and for the peace; we don't believe that if you couldn't manage at Versailles to get a better peace, that you can manage now to make the League the instrument of the kind of progress we want." And that was the reason why we opposed that League of Nations in 1919 and 1920, and because we opposed it, and because Mr. Wilson did all his compromising at Versailles and none of it at Washington, and because there was a great feeling

of isolation and a profound disappointment in America over the results of the War, the United States did not join the League of Nations, and therefore, the League had the chance to grow.

The League as Clemenceau pictured it, the League to enforce the peace of Versailles, the League which inevitably would have been a new Holy Alliance, the League which might have tried to enforce General Smuts' plan for collecting pensions out of German reparations contrary to the Armistice—you remember that fact—that League didn't have its chance. The Allies turned to other means of enforcing the peace of Versailles, and because the power of the United States was not in the League, the Allies could not enforce the peace of Versailles to the last jot and tittle, and little by little sanity had its chance not only in Geneva but at home. Here in America, from being pro-British or pro-Irish, pro-Russian or anti-Russian, pro-Polish or anti-Polish, we began to work out some beginning of a sane, national policy.

I SAID the League then had its chance, and the League of 1929 is a very different thing from that League. The League of 1929 and 1930 is a League which has given Germany place, a place refused her by the makers of the covenant at the beginning; the League has not yet found room for Russia, but probably the attitude of the League toward Russia is better than the attitude of our own government at the present time. It is a different League; it is a League which has at least provided a forum for international discussion; which has begun to talk coöperation rather than sanctions. It is a League which has built up a Secretariat of undoubted usefulness, not only as an agency for what beginnings of internationalism we have, but as the creator of that international mind, that international view of affairs which is absolutely essential to any progress in an interdependent world.

It is a League which has shown some signs of slowly developing some alternative to imperialism in the mandatory system; it is a League which has promoted a number of arbitration treaties; it is a League of great usefulness in humanitarian services; it is a League which has done something through its Labor Office for bettering labor conditions. And I want now to disassociate myself utterly from the extraordinary point of view recently expressed by Matthew Woll in one of our magazines, criticizing the Labor Office and speaking slightly of the British effort through it to raise wages in Asia, and advocating instead the good old American method of the protective tariff. I say that the Labor Office has been of some use.

IT is possible, however, even now, greatly to exaggerate what has been accomplished by the League. The League has prevented some little wars which I

think the Great Powers would have found ways to prevent anyhow, because the big Powers are usually strong enough to prevent the little fellows from fighting too much. The League has done nothing that is vital about the basic problem of imperialism, out of which the danger of new wars grows, a danger which can never be surmounted simply by the increasing deadlines of war. We have got to go farther and create the conditions of peace, and that means successful struggle against imperialism.

From that point of view it is far more important at this moment to figure how we can work out our relations with Haiti, whose constitution, I believe, was written by that eminent advocate of the League of Nations, the Honorable Franklin D. Roosevelt, and forced upon Haiti by the bayonets of the United States Marines, than that we should join the League of Nations. It is infinitely more important that Britain should work out its relations with India for the peace of the world, than that we should, any of us, at this point join the League. Here the League has not succeeded brilliantly. The Riff War went on unnoticed by the League. So—almost—did France's war in Syria. The troubles in China have been little, if any, affected by the existence of the League.

The League is not an instrument yet against imperialism, nor is it an instrument yet for that economic affiliation and cooperation which we must have. It has as yet been comparatively impotent against that crazy system which subdivides Europe even more than before, with tariffs as well as with armaments. The League has made its greatest failure in dealing with the disarmament problem. Even the United States, which God knows has done little enough, has done, I think, rather more than the League in that connection. And I am sure, though I do not speak boastfully, that the United States has done more to press home on the conscience of the world the opium problem, than the League of Nations itself at Geneva.

There are these things that we must in fairness, I believe, admit at the present time, and yet I say that I believe the League is a thing worth while and worth joining, not because it is what we would have pictured, not because it is what your internationalist would desire, but rather because there is no chance of getting anything better short of the catastrophe of war, and I am no believer in salvation by catastrophe. (Laughter)

ON the other hand there is a chance which each year makes a little more certain, of developing the League into the kind of instrumentality that we must have. How should that be done and when should the United States join? I think you can express it somewhat in a formula as follows: The United States ought to join the League under those conditions and

at the time when our own attitude will make it more truly an agency of internationalism.

I am, you see, more concerned about the conditions, the psychological and practical conditions under which we should join the League than about the legal formulae. With regard to the constitution of the League, there are some things I should like to see. I should like to see specifically a development of that Article 19 which provides for the readjustment, the remaking of treaties. I do not think that the League and the World Court and disarmament all put together will give us peace unless we discover a peaceful way to alter national relations that are basically wrong, and unless the League of Nations can provide that, the League of Nations, too, will go down in the destruction.

I want, therefore, to see that provision strengthened. I want to see it made absolutely plain, as our British friends would have it, that there can be no "private" wars admitted under the League, and that public war or League war as a sanction is precluded. I do not believe, given the present state of the world, the present psychology of nations, and the logic of war, that we can ever get peace by war, and I am still afraid that Articles 10 and 16 might, unless expressly repudiated or limited in this connection, be a means rather of war than of peace.

I think the passage of time has meant that Articles 10 and 16 are less dangerous than they were in 1919 and 1920 under the spirit of Clemenceau, but I should still insist that there be a clear declaration by the United States that it admits no possible sanction of war for the enforcement of peace. And that, for a variety of reasons I cannot discuss in a limited time, neither can I discuss, as I should like, my hope that the League can be made more democratic, more responsive to economic needs and realities, and more truly flexible so that there may grow up under it, perchance, regional organizations as well as the general international organization.

By no means is all danger over, that this League of Nations will still be a League of strong imperial powers to preserve the *status quo*; and that kind of League, no matter how righteous it seems to us who have already stolen all that we need or are likely to need, will never appeal to the minds of the poor and the persecuted in the world. The only hope of a real and lasting peace is in working out in an interdependent world a notion and a practice of internationalism, aye, of international government which is summed up in the phrase, a fellowship of free peoples; to move toward that difficult but necessary goal, to move at all, and especially to move fast enough, it is necessary to do far more than say, "Oh, come, let us join the League of Nations and all will be well."

BUT given present conditions I am of the opinion that wise men and wise nations might join that League and in that League find a beginning of the instrumentality that must be built, which must be an instrumentality for managing the common affairs of the world for the common needs of men, rather than for the greatness of any powers whatsoever. And that concept of the League, my friends, that concept of it is probably less shared in America than anywhere else. It isn't that we are bad or vicious or cruel; it is that we are young and lusty and strong, and very sure of our own righteousness.

And you my hearers, who more than I are devotees of the League, must realize that if the time comes that you get America into the League rather as a means of maintaining the power of white races, of capitalist peoples, than as a means of internationalism, then it will be a dark day for America. But if we can go into this instrument that does exist, this League of Nations which we have, with anything approaching the right spirit, then I think in our efforts together at Geneva to face world problems, there may be some hope that the great passion of the human heart for peace will be fulfilled, only that passion will not be fulfilled unless it is mightier and more intelligent than all the national and imperial aspirations that heretofore have divided us. (Prolonged applause)

Biography

ALL her life she dreamed of another life
In which she lived with quiet, courteous folk,
Gentler than those with whom she daily spoke—
Women who envied her, men who could trace
Desirable beauty in her face.

Her dress was never what we saw her wear.
Sometimes she had a pearl net on her hair.
A regal gesture to the grocer's clerk
When she bought cheese or honey, or the quirk
Of one small finger over her teacup.
Laughter that was like banners lifted up,
Were not for us. These were for someone she
Called into being and knew intimately.
And sometimes when she walked the street alone
She thought she held a child's hand in her own.

She did not die. But yesterday she heard
Horse hoofs upon the road. There was a word
That she had waited for. The prince had come
In quite the usual way, and there was some
Fanfare of trumpets, a plumed hat, her name.
"I knew you'd come!" she cried. "Of course I came!"
And so we do not see her any more
Tending the gillyflowers by her door.

—LOUISE DRISCOLL

Prisons and Plays

TO execute or not to execute? Willy-nilly the attention of the American public during the past year has been drawn to prisons, prison reform, and capital punishment. With riots in the penitentiaries of New York and Colorado, Baumes laws under which prison doors shut forever behind a twenty-nine-year-old woman convicted four times of petty offenses such as shoplifting, while in another state a mother of ten children is incarcerated for life because she has not been educated to observe our national prohibition statute—with such events becoming commonplaces, even those who incline toward an ostrich policy in their social thinking are obliged to admit that something ought to be done.

It would be well for all members of state legislatures who are wrestling with the problem of capital punishment, all social workers, educators, and others who are concerned about the prison situation generally, to see or read two plays which have appeared on the New York stage during the current season (one of them has already been published in book form and the other doubtless will be) and which bid fair to make dramatic history. Not since Galsworthy's *Justice* has there been a prison drama of such power and realism, such terrific social indictment as either *The Criminal Code* by Martin Flavin or John Wexley's *The Last Mile*.

The latter, a tragedy of the death house in a state penitentiary, depicts the agony of a convict's last hours before he is led to the electric chair, and the ghastly reaction on the part of his fellow prisoners who stage a bloody but losing battle for freedom. The hopelessness, the grim horror of it all leave one profoundly moved. No advocate of legalized murder by the state can come away from such a play without grave doubts.

The Criminal Code is a more comprehensive arraignment of our entire penal system. It is the story of a young man of average background who, quite through accident, stumbles into the clutches of the law and finds himself "sent up" for seven years. The corroding effect of prison life, the gradual weakening of his morale form the theme of the play. Convict No. 23499 is not, however, the only victim. There is Martin Brady who as state's attorney is forced to sentence young Graham to prison, and who later as warden of the prison sees himself powerless, against his every better instinct of judgment and humanity, to prevent the blighting of a life through the primitive eye-for-an-eye code on which modern civilization metes out what passes as justice. "It's not fair, it's not just!" the prisoner's heartbreaking cry, is answered by the warden's inexorable "Yes, but *it's the law.*"

GLADYS E. MEYERAND

The Army of Men Without Hate

H. C. ENGELBRECHT

YOU will look in vain in the *Statesman's Year Book* for information about this remarkable "army." And there's good reason for that. It is a volunteer army. It carries no machine guns or flame throwers; it does not operate with poison gas, tanks, or airplanes. It is not at all an army of destruction. It is not supported by enormous budget items and burdensome taxation. It never moves for the "defence" of any country against an armed host. It is an international army in which fourteen nations are already represented. Alexis Danan visited this army "during operations" and published his reports in the *Paris-Soir*. Since then these reports have been issued as a separate booklet.¹

The father of the movement is Colonel Ernest Ceresole of the Swiss army. His brother Pierre stood enthusiastically by his side. Let the colonel tell his own story:

The idea of civilian service is very old. It is opposed to military service in so far as military training is imposed on men who believe that the use of murderous weapons is unworthy of man. You have heard of conscientious objection. It is a belief born of religious and moral considerations and has led a number of citizens from among the warring nations to refuse direct and indirect participation in the slaughter. . . .

Now you know that among those who opposed military training and above all actual use of arms there were not only pacifists, religious and peace-loving, but also selfish and cowardly persons.

For that reason the Swiss war resisters gathered 30,000 signatures to a petition asking the government to establish civilian service. The soldiers in this civilian army would undertake constructive service and work at it just as hard and one-third longer than the recruits in the military army. The government refused to entertain the proposal.

But the civilian army could operate without government consent or approval. The enormous destruction wrought by the war cried to the heavens for human sympathy and aid. Perhaps the good name of humanity might be somewhat redeemed if men came as readily to rebuild and restore as they had been to ravage. Or did mankind really glory in slaughter and destruction? Would it decline to lend a hand in healing the wounds of the stricken land?

The test was worth making. In 1920 an appeal was issued under the direction of an English Quaker, Hubert Parris, for volunteers to help restore No Man's

Land in France. The particular place where this experiment was to be carried on was Esnes, near Verdun. Volunteers appeared in goodly number and the work was eagerly pushed. Among the workers were many Germans. Month after month this valiant army labored without pay, satisfied with their daily bread and a roof over their heads.

Before long this strange army began to attract the attention of the French government. Who were these men and women? Were they friends? Were they merely mad fanatics, fit subjects for psychoanalytic observation? And there were Germans among them? Now all was clear. An official of "Public Safety and Security" descended on the camp.

"Colonel," he said, "your work is beautiful, admirable. But don't you understand? You must get rid of those Germans."

The colonel smiled: "If the Germans go, we go with them." And they went—after five months of service.

This first experience was somewhat discouraging. But it was a start and it showed what might be done. In 1924 the next opportunity came. The army of hateless men might be driven from the battlefields of France through suspicion, but perhaps their help would be welcomed on other battlefields. Nature is beautiful in Switzerland what with snow-capped peaks reaching into the skies and the unbelievable loveliness of mountain lakes. But it is also cruel. Huge masses of snow and ice have a way of loosing their hold on the mountainsides and carrying ruin and destruction into the valleys below. How many villages have already succumbed to this relentless mountain burial! Here was a field for the work of this new army.

IN 1924 an avalanche descended in the Canton of Vaud. The colonel and his army appeared on the scene and in three weeks they restored the damage. No pay—only their food and their beds—and the gratitude of the villagers. In September of the same year an avalanche wrought havoc in Someo in the Tessino, killing ten people and wiping out their homes. The Tessino is well acquainted with this treacherous death. Village after village has been destroyed by the Giant of the Mountain. The survivors have packed their possessions on their backs and emigrated to San Francisco, in which city there are more natives of Tessino than in Switzerland. This time the mountain would be cheated. The "army of hateless men" descended on the village and offered help. In two months 310 volunteers joined the command of the colonel and worked

¹ Alexis Danan, *L'Armée des Hommes sans Haine*. Paris. 1929. Victor Attinger. 8 fr.

under his banner. And the people of Someo remained in their village. In 1926—a similar service in the Grisons.

The fight against Nature's inexplicable cruelties never ceases. If the mountains hold a firm grip on their enveloping snow, the clouds and wind and lightning scourge the earth, or the seas wreak vengeance for man's usurpation of the solid ground. In beautiful Liechtenstein, the midget land between Austria and Switzerland, the Rhine took things in hand. From September 25th to December 30th, 1927 it scorned to stay in its usual bounds, rushing madly over fertile fields, well-built roads, and comfortable houses. Sadness filled the land when at last the monster retired to its lair. What were these people to do?

Again the colonel saw his opportunity. A call was issued for volunteers, and it was answered. On April 30th, 1928 the first contingent arrived, 163 in number. Among them were 64 Swiss, 72 English, 16 Danes, 3 Norwegians, 3 Germans, 3 Hindus, 1 Hollander, 1 Italian, 1 Irishman. Together they worked a total of 2,733 days. As time went on, others appeared warmly welcomed by the group. Once more they proved that man is not meant to be a kind of super-wrecking machine. The damage was restored and the gratitude of Liechtenstein is undying.

WHO are these men and women who respond to the call of voluntary service? They represent many professions and callings: professors, laborers, technicians, men of letters, government employees. They come from many countries: England, Germany, Switzerland, Austria, Italy, Hungary, Iceland, Finland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Czechoslovakia, and others. They have come through various agencies. One heard of the work at an international congress at Budapest; another was studying at the Sorbonne and got news in that way; a third was apprised of the movement while on his way home from Japan. Like some information service the call of the "army" reaches many lands and many people.

When the "army" has gathered, it establishes rigid hours of work. The poster in their camp furnishes the following schedule: Rising time, 4:30; breakfast, 5; beginning of work, 5:30; rest, 8:30-9; resumption of work, 9-11:30; dinner, 12; resumption of work, 1:30; rest, 3:15; resumption of work, 3:45-5:30; supper, 6:30; lights out, 9:30. Saturday afternoon is spent in ordering headquarters. Sunday is a day of rest.

But work is not all. This army also plays. It spends its evenings learning languages, singing songs, listening to music, making friends. It has acquired its own song, the *chant d'amitié*. But more than all this, it has learned to enjoy work. The atmosphere of the camp is like that of an enormous picnic. Men have

gone off for a time to enjoy life and they do it by helping others. It is not charity to them; there is no mawkish sentimentality in this enterprise. To a great extent war resisters, these men are demonstrating that they are not selfish shirkers at social tasks, though opposed to mass murder and destruction.

In 1928, 710 volunteers took part in the work, representing 20 nations.² In the Scandinavian countries a regular organization has been formed which will be duplicated shortly in Switzerland.

All hail to these men and women. Their magnificent fun brings joy to the regions where they labor and even more to their own lives. Is there no place in this country for an "army of men without hate?"

² Switzerland sent 301; England, 103; Austria, 41; Czechoslovakia, 38; Germany, 32; France, 31; Denmark, 30; Holland, 18; Sweden, 10; Norway, 8; Italy, Russia, the United States, Finland, Poland, Rumania, Iceland, Mexico, Spain, and Yugo-Slavia together, 20.

Song

EVERYWHERE trees
Like fountains are seen,
Like jetting geysers
Of flame-bright green.

The pond is a pansy
That glows like a gem
With rivulet like a
Curved, long stem. . . .

Each blindworm is dreaming
Of wings on high;
And each stirred hill-top
Parleys with sky. . . .

Even the nettles
Are boasting they knew
That they, like the roses,
Are authorized, too.

Knowing how darkness
Shed raiment of night
To climb up their stems
Into golden light,

Daffodils now
Once more begin
To tell of the wonder
They're rooted in.

And strangely aquiver
Is every flower,
As if it had spied on
What Unseen Power?

LOUIS GINSBERG.

The Book End

The World Tomorrow reviews only books which it believes, after critical evaluation, to be helpful and interesting. On rare occasions it includes unfavorable comment on a popular volume which seems sufficiently misleading to render adverse criticism imperative.

The United States of Europe

WHATEVER else may be rightly or wrongly charged against the World War, it is undoubtedly true that that event ended American isolation. For this reason if for no other, it is important that we should have at the earliest moment a comprehensive and readable survey of an idea which is daily assuming more and more importance with reference to the future of the continent of Europe. The idea of a United States of Europe received unexpected stimulus at the recent session of the League of Nations in a speech by M. Briand.

The reading of Paul Hutchinson's book, *The United States of Europe*, brought vividly to my mind a discussion group in Vienna during the past summer. Besides a small group of American students, there were representatives of both of Austria's political factions. If anyone present had doubted up to that time the dynamic quality of the idea of the United States of Europe, he would certainly have left that discussion group with the doubt shaken and an impulse to look further into the question.

Mr. T. V. Smith is responsible for the statement that "the bold assertion of the impossible widens the area of the possible." That may be the significance of M. Briand's speech in the League of Nations Assembly. Mr. Hutchinson has indicated some of the very serious obstacles in the way of a United States of Europe, but the imponderable factors in the situation may add to or detract from those difficulties. At any rate, to anyone who is interested—and this will surely apply to a large number—Mr. Hutchinson's book is in an extraordinary sense timely. (Published by Willet, Clark & Colby. Through The World Tomorrow Book Shop, \$2.00 postpaid.)

J. B. MATTHEWS

Ugly Civilization

THE individual who is searching for "proposed roads to freedom," leading away from the evils of our present industrial system, will find that Ralph Borsodi in his latest book, *This Ugly Civilization*, has outlined a road which will stimulate thought and arouse discussion.

The factory, for him, is the villain in the tragedy of modern civilization. He charges that it is mainly responsible for the great amount of ugliness in our communities; that it has mechanized life, reduced men and commodities to a dead level of uniformity, wasted our natural resources, and destroyed work as a means of self-expression.

This incisive indictment of the factory does not add much that is new to the bill of complaint against our economic system. Mr. Borsodi's way out, however, is distinctly novel. Believing that the worst of the factory evils can be curbed neither by capitalistic consolidation of the factories nor by the socialization schemes of the Socialists, he boldly advocates the abandonment of the ma-

jority of the factories, retaining only certain essential ones, and the substitution of domestic production instead.

He calls upon "quality-minded" men and women to purchase small homesteads on the installment credit plan and to produce with the aid of the most up-to-date labor-saving machines and electrical equipment, the greater part of their food, clothing and household articles. This will relieve them from the deadly monotony of factory labor, and they will find joy and self-expression in the productive occupations of the homestead. A life of comfort, security and independence, with freedom for creative work in the fields of recreation, education and art, will be available for them. Eventually, with the mass of workers emulating the "quality-minded," the factories will disintegrate.

Will this road afford a way out? It promises one avenue of escape from the toils of the factory octopus. However, the majority of workers cannot enter upon such a road at this time simply because they lack capital, credit and the essential homestead skills. They must seek freedom by other highways.

The book offers an appeal for the return of industry and family life to the home rather than an adequate solution of the industrial situation. (Published by Simon and Schuster. Through The World Tomorrow Book Shop, \$3.00 postpaid.)

CHARLES C. WEBBER.

"Thou Wicked Servant"

MRS. HELEN TUFTS BAILIE, of an ancient and honorable New England ancestry, was *kicked out* of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution. I use the word advisedly, accurately, and definitively. But being of fighting stock Mrs. Bailie proceeded at once to show that a lady may be *out* but not *down*. In a pamphlet, *Perverved Patriotism*, she tells the world how and why the D. A. R. does not, at present, welcome to its midst any modern survivals of revolutionary fervor, faith, or idealism. And she is just nasty enough to quote chapter and verse on those now within the Society sponsoring the policy of stamping out revolutionary heritages and hopes.

"At the meeting of my chapter in February, 1927, the Regent requested the members to refrain from supporting a movement to make 'America the Beautiful' our National Hymn, 'because,' she said, 'the communists are behind it.' This was the first intimation I ever had that the society was interesting itself in what it terms 'subversive movements'.

"At the Massachusetts State Conference of the D.A.R. in Boston, March 15, 1927, Mrs. Hurd, State Chairman of National Defense, said: 'A list of names of individuals and organizations which seek to embody communist principles in the management of our Government has been forwarded to the regents of every Chapter in the country as part of the work in overcoming these influences'.

"In the lists, branded as of doubtful patriotism, was the husband of a member of Anne Adams-Tufts Chapter. I immediately entered on the investigation which culminated in my expulsion

from the society. It was difficult to extract from responsible officers any clues as to the authorship of 'The Common Enemy' and of the accompanying lists. Bland self-confidence evaporated when they were questioned, and bitterness flared up at the first breath of criticism. My efforts to get to the bottom of the matter were carried on through interviews with officers and in private correspondence with them. I had no thought of publicity, wishing only to convince the officers—who were responsible—of the desirability of withdrawing the blacklists and the literature that went with them, which were causing intense indignation and unrest within the society. . . . I went to Washington with three resolutions for the Congress that had been carefully drafted by a group of D.A.R. women. Mrs. St. Omer Roy, a delegate, undertook to sponsor them. . . . The few who voted for them were later in a public speech by a vice-president general of the society described as 'yellow'.

"A hearing of the testimony was refused, without debate. . . . The proceedings (the 'trial' before the Continental Congress of The D.A.R. in 1928) occupied about ten minutes. Mrs. Brosseau herself ran into the Press Room with the news, saying, 'Now you can tell the world what the D.A.R. thinks of Mrs. Bailie'."

"When power to handle the destinies of thousands is concentrated in the hands of a few," says Mrs. Bailie, "that power is too often abused. The series of events sketched in this pamphlet have led to the present humiliating plight of the National Society, D.A.R." Mrs. Bailie reveals that "The Cloak of Benedict Arnold," by William B. Shearer, paid propagandist, also soon found its way through the mail to D.A.R. women. Although Mrs. Hobart, now head of the D.A.R., disowns Shearer, it appears that Mr. Shearer himself declares that he has been "adviser" to the D.A.R. "for years."

"*Perverved Patriotism, a story of D.A.R. Stewardship*," is a fortunate title. It recalls an ancient parable about people who were entrusted with talents, but neglected to use them. The judgment passed then was rather severe—"Thou wicked servant." And the judgment of this generation on the D.A.R. will be even more severe—they have almost become a laughing stock—unless the real daughters of revolution, faith, and idealism in this great society come to the foreground and rescue it from the little clique that are running it into ridicule.

D.A.R. and other Americans will find in the letters and documents here reprinted a warning of how not to handle human affairs. I commend the pamphlet to all who have not seen the actual records of the decline of D.A.R. under its present leadership. (Order copies directly from the author, Mrs. Helen Tufts Bailie, 371 Broadway, Cambridge, Mass.)

TUCKER P. SMITH

Books of Devotion

MULTITUDES of American households begin the day by reading in the morning newspaper a poem composed of equal parts of sob stuff, shallow optimism, and moral platitude. And these same Americans end the day by scuffing their feet and flexing their bodies in expurgated African dance steps in time to unexpurgated jazz music. Not a little of the adult art life of this country is arranged on the basis of primitive, or at least juvenile, experience.

One of the expressions of art which many thoughtful readers fear is that of minor poetry, for in it may lie the "dope" of sentimentality as well as authentic inspiration, and "cheerio" or cheap moralizing. It is largely true that these three anthologies of revolutionary poetry *Unrest*, *Poems of Justice*, and *An Anthology of Revolutionary Poetry* are shaped out of minor, not major, poems.

Yet inherent in minor poetry are qualities full of social value, not only in the life of art but also in our everyday experience. Facts of experience put in popular form remain in the popular

memory. For example: *The Marseillaise* and *The Internationale* are included in two of three of these anthologies. That De Lisle wrote *The Marseillaise* is forgotten, but not the song. In fact, the closer one looks at minor poetry, the more does it assume a social tool aspect, for in self-defense as well as self-expression, in work and in education, it seems to have the power of uniting men.

It is true that in minor poetry there are expressions of ugly forces hostile to unity and happiness among men. One of these forces shows itself in a narrow nationalism and finds record in campaign song and in hymns of hate and war songs robbing men of the spirit of fairness and inciting them to kill their fellow men. One is startled, therefore, to come upon such a wicked jingle as this by General Isaac R. Sherwood in *An Anthology of Revolutionary Poetry*:

PURSERY RHYME

Sing a song of Europe,
Highly civilized.
Four and twenty nations
Wholly hypnotized.

When the battles open
The bullets start to sing;
Isn't that a silly way
To act for any King?

The Kings are in the background
Issuing commands;
The Queens are in the parlor,
Per etiquette's demands.

The bankers in the counting house
Are busy multiplying;
The common people at the front
Are doing all the dying.

The mind races to discover who was this military man, born in 1835 and dying in 1925, achieving the highest rank, and yet, an aged man, remaining unblinded by the institutionalism of war.

The attack on institutionalism, whether it be capitalism or government, prisons or war, is at the heart of each of these three anthologies. One smiles for very happiness when, reading eagerly page after page in *Justice*, Countess Cullen's "Black Magdalens" is found side by side with William Blake's "London." That juxtaposition is so beautiful, so exactly as Blake himself would have wished it to be. . . . A happy man, William Blake had much at heart our human need for happiness. When Blake was old as well as poor, he wrote that he was "perfectly happy, wanting nothing." And in institutionalism Blake saw an obstacle to human happiness, even as do James Rorty, Benjamin Musser, Joseph Kalar, Mary Jenness, F. A. Dewson, and Arturo Giovannitti in *Unrest*; and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Robert Burns, Sarah Cleghorn, Louise Driscoll, Zona Gale, Arthur Guiterman, William Morris, Walter Rauschenbush, Lola Ridge, Shelley, Swinburne, Tennyson, C. E. S. Wood, and Whitman—to choose a few from *Justice*.

In the latter there is, chiefly, a diversified selection from moderns as well as from nineteenth-century major poets, while in *Unrest* the poems represent lyrically exactly what the title would and does suggest—present-day rebel poets. *An Anthology of Revolutionary Poetry* is more universal and more inclusive than either of the others. It has a definite international emphasis, with poems from the Armenian, Chinese, French, German, Greek, Hungarian, Indian, Italian, Japanese, Jewish, Norwegian, Roumanian, Russian, Sanscrit, Spanish, and Ukrainian. Some of the moderns included in its wide selections are: Joseph Auslander, William Rose

Benét, Witter Bynner, Ralph Chaplin, Robert Frost, Alfred Kreymborg, E. Merrill Root, Carl Sandburg, Genevieve Taggard, Lucia Trent, and Margaret Widdemer.

Here in *An Anthology of Revolutionary Poetry*, in *Unrest*, and in *Justice* we have three books of devotion, books—however much one may long to edit out of them all that is hortatory or bitter—to be read gratefully and reverently. They are earnest books whose cost to their editors and their poets we shall never know. Scales to weigh either sacrifice or justice there are none. Of lives given to the love of justice there are some, among them the editors of these anthologies.

(*An Anthology of Revolutionary Poetry*, edited by Marcus Graham, Publication Committee, Box 3, West Farms Station, New York, N. Y., price \$3.00; *Poems of Justice*, compiled by Thomas Curtis Clark, published by Willett, Clark & Colby, Chicago, price \$2.50; *Unrest*, edited by Ralph Cheyney and Jack Conroy, A. H. Stockwell, London.)

JEANNETTE MARKS

Toussaint L'Ouverture

TURN to page 62, and read Toussaint L'Ouverture's soliloquy on being a leader. In his introduction to this dramatic history of a Negro liberator in Haiti, the author, Leslie Pinckney Hill, says that serious and sensitive writers must undertake to restore the taste and tradition for the medium of blank verse as the vehicle for dignified, elevated themes. His own work proves him serious and sensitive; he handles his theme, in all of its many phases, with exquisite delicacy and a strength which must command the respect of his readers as it should impel their admiration. He does not need his foreword. His book can stand on its own merits, and is all the exposition of his theme necessary.

In handling his story of Toussaint, he has created (or re-created) a character of human importance, one who is warm and fallible and true, sometimes bewildered by the lack of faithfulness shown by followers, but always steadfast.

One incident slightly mars the story as a whole: that of Toussaint covering a woman's décolletage with his handkerchief. It doubtless did him much credit at the time, but in view of our modern fashions, this reminder of the archaic moralities of the 1700's is comic. However, the one fault but serves to emphasize the excellence of the whole: and the breathless swing of Mr. Hill's admirably handled blank verse carries a compelling story in its rhythms. It is well worth reading. (Published by Christopher Publishing House. Through The World Tomorrow Book Shop, \$1.50 postpaid.)

IDELLA PURNELL

Exploring Religion

FIFTEEN distinguished ministers under the leadership of Lynn Harold Hough have contributed to a study of modern religious belief entitled *Whither Christianity*. All known to be outstanding in American Protestantism, the men are: Albert W. Palmer, Richard Roberts, Miles H. Krumbine, Russell Henry Stafford, Charles W. Gilkey, Reinhold Niebuhr, Albert Edward Day, Gaius Glenn Atkins, Ralph W. Sockman, Douglas Horton, Justin Wroe Nixon, A. W. Beayen, George Pidgeon, Joel B. Hayden, and Lynn Harold Hough. One presents the liberal Christian view of the Bible with fine contributions of his own; another points to the spiritual charm of Jesus; to a third religious living is filled with the comforting sacredness of the sacraments. Two chapters study the moral and religious revolts of the younger generation

and the need of religion in education. There is a plea for internationalism, Christian good-will, and political respect for personality, as well as a stirring demand for the continuance of the World Christian Movement. In a refreshing approach to prayer, Dr. Day of Christ Church, Pittsburgh, thinks that science through psychological study and psychiatry is just beginning to understand that wholesomeness and healing effect which religions long have used; though science may reveal what now are mysteries, he is confident prayer will remain vital to the best living.

Throughout, the book reflects a commendable spirit of willingness to admit scientific investigation in religion. Traditionally often where reverence comes in science goes out—as when Moses tried no longer to find out why the bush was burning because God had spoken; but traditionalism is giving way to a fresh approach to the new age of tomorrow. If this book is representative of liberal Christian thinkers in America, as I think it is, it points to a day when science and religion will join into a united effort to solve the mysteries of the universe and of great living.

The tone of *Whither Christianity* is not always as close to the problems of everyday life as one could wish, for often that vital concern with humanity which is the breath of religion seems lessened by theoretical discussion. Much of the book, as probably intended, is for the intellectual environment and the academic mind. As such it succeeds, and the dominant impression is of big men who write splendidly.

With not quite the same scholarly calibre but more popular in its appeal to the layman is *Religion and the Modern Mind*, edited by Charles C. Cooper, leader of the Hungry Club of Pittsburgh, a group of business and professional men who meet every Monday noon to discuss questions of current and philosophical interest. Seven positions of modern thought are represented in the book by lecturers of national reputation who came to address the forums on religion. The presentations are able and teeming with interest. Dr. Heber Doust Curtis of the Allegheny observatory thinks the rigidity of science has been superseded by a search for new and more adequate theories; "As a scientist I demand some sort of theory; my cosmos must be orderly. I am perfectly willing to admit that in the final analysis my theory may prove false, but I demand it now, to serve as a working basis till I find a better." After eliminating all other possible theories he concludes, "The postulation of an omnipotent God seems necessary. It is probably correct." But Harry Elmer Barnes, representing the agnostic position, after flaying Christianity, declares, "Like the question of a cosmic God, the explanation of the universe is likely to remain a problem unsolved by mankind." Dr. Edward Scribner Ames concludes his discussion of psychology with the view of Professor Otto: "When a man is hard and unsympathetic, we say he has no soul. . . . If he is intelligent, interested in beauty and in idealistic enterprises, we credit him with having a soul. . . . From this point of view the old moral challenge still has full force. What does it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Bishop Francis McConnell: "Christianity aims at moral religion—at a moral idea of God—a moral idea of man, and is a moral ideal for his contact with his fellows. If Christianity is not moral it is nothing."

One is impressed by the hunger for more adequate religious understanding from the eager response which the Pittsburgh men gave these speakers. If America is materialistic it may be awakening, but it still has far to go. Perhaps the dim apprehension we have of religion, including all our diversity of opinion, may be the twilight, not of evening, but of a long and slowly brightening

dawn. (Both books published by Harper & Brothers. Through The World Tomorrow Book Shop, \$3.00 and \$2.00 respectively, postpaid.) T. K. Noss.

A Theorizing Novel

A NOVELIST who tries to expound a theory encounters difficulties. In her new book *Borgia*, Zona Gale puts forth a theory of evil. Some people attract evil; some repel it, while others serve as the unconscious means of its transmission.

Marfa belongs to the latter type. Every person with whom she comes in contact suffers evil. She takes Paul Barker to call on Stella whose children are ill with diphtheria. Paul dies, and Marfa says, "I killed him." She suggests that her family visit the Dells instead of going to Madison, and while there Cousin Ben is drowned. Marfa invites Garvin to come over for the evening and Garvin on the way, meets with an automobile accident. These happenings prey upon the girl's mind until she becomes obsessed with the idea that she is a modern Borgia, a murderess.

Marfa's father is called on to join an expedition into China, and the girl urges against it for she does not wish to be the medium of his misfortune. The father comes back but his dream of adventure has been taken from him without being fulfilled. Thus the daughter has again wrought evil when she sought to do good.

As a story, the book is a failure in spite of the fact that it is artistically written. Zona Gale glorifies the commonplace in her books, but it is too often only her perfected art that becomes glorified—not the common characters. (Published by Knopf. Through The World Tomorrow Book Shop, \$2.50 postpaid.)

RAYMOND KRESENSKY

The Compelling Apologetic

THE final verdict for war or peace is held by religion. This is the central theme around which Fred B. Smith has written *Must We Have War?* With considerable attention to detail, the author surveys the factors whereby a "great revolution" in the world of ideas has effected the new concept that after all war is not inevitable. Again, in logical sequence, he reviews the already familiar problems attached to the attainment of the spiritual implications of the Pact for the Renunciation of War. Nor is the reader permitted to forget that an officer of the World Alliance for International Friendship through the Churches is asking the rhetorical question which forms the title, and as such he may emphasize, quite consistently, his personal conviction that "War will pass permanently from the scene only as it is made a sin against God to organize armies to go out to murder men."

Material of real worth is found in the two chapters which deal with "Danger Zones." In the second of these, Mr. Smith sounds a four-dimensional warning: and now abideth Raw Materials, Nationalism, Modern Caesars, and Geographical Jealousies, but the most interesting of these are Geographical Jealousies. Nevertheless, the necessity for availability of raw materials to all nations, for education away from the super-state philosophy of nationalism, and for the overthrow of the militarism which motivates such personalities as Stalin, Pilsudski, Kemal Pasha, de Rivera, Venizelos and, of course, Mussolini, is stressed as of primary importance in overcoming the perils to be encountered on the way to Peace.

As a contribution to the field of war-peace literature, nothing new is presented in this book. It contains a pleasing foreword by Owen D. Young, and well-selected, well-arranged, informing matter. It is valuable chiefly because it is readable. It is clear and concise, containing just the sort of material which church-members need and will use. Whether or not there is accord with its every pronouncement, or with the amount of space given to lists of signatories, the reader is left with no uncertainty as to the author's sincere belief that religion must become a compelling apologetic for peace. (Published by Harper and Brothers. Through The World Tomorrow Book Shop, \$2.50 postpaid.)

THERESA L. WILSON.

An Adolescent Idyll

TRAINING children the way they should go doesn't always succeed. Sometimes they go in the opposite direction. *The Boy Prophet*, by Edmond Fleg is an example. Son of cultured, sensitive Jewish parents who have entirely cast off their religious and racial heritage, Claude Levy is brought up to believe that he is first and last a French boy—nothing more. To their dismay he is led, through the influence of a girl playmate—their friendship later becomes a boy and girl romance—to explore Catholicism. Another companion invites him to join the Boy Scouts, whose pragmatic idealism proves temporarily beguiling. But nowhere does he find the inner meaning to life, the answer to that insistent search for something higher and better for which his soul inarticulately cries out. In desperation he determines to go back to the faith of his fathers, a step which his parents fail to understand but to which, being wise and tolerant, they assent.

On and on the conflict goes, a picture of adolescent turmoil—the doubts and questions of a precocious, introspective lad—that has rarely been equalled in the annals of fiction, education, or child psychology. The figure of Jesus has an irresistible fascination for the boy; yet there is the intellectual challenge of the prophets to whom his ancestors bowed, as well as the sweet reasonableness of the humanistic iconoclasm his parents have espoused. Anyone who has known the pangs of religious doubt—whether he is himself young or merely trying to guide the young—will appreciate this charming story and perhaps find some guidance in it. The underlying universality of its theme is alike real to Christian and Jew. It is done with sympathy and understanding in a style that is almost matchless in its exquisiteness and fragility. (Published by E. P. Dutton. Through The World Tomorrow Book Shop, \$2.00 postpaid.)

G. E. M.

Mr. McCabe Holds Forth

JOSEPH McCABE is an ex-Catholic priest who reacts against his former credos with extreme violence. He is convinced that religion is nothing but nonsense and superstition and takes 613 pages in his new book *The Story of Religious Controversy* to say so. "We are not even going to say that 'we have conducted God to our frontiers thanking him for his provisional services.' His disservice has been greater than his service." Thus God is dismissed and ultimate reality is explained as follows: "All truth is summed up in two words: Ether exists. Reality is ether. What ether is we do not know except that it curdles up into minute particles or strain-centers which we call electrons and protons, and these form matter." For the rest the book is an account of all the crimes that have been committed in the name of religion and of all social iniquities which have had the protec-

tion of religious institutions. In one portion of his book Mr. McCabe takes great pains to prove that all sex-repressions are due to religion and that we will never have a healthy sex life until the power of religion is destroyed. In another place he writes: "The irony of this new modesty, I mean of this growth of modesty amidst the visible failings of religion which claims to have a monopoly of it, breaks upon one overpoweringly when one approaches the subject of the present chapter. . . . Why, in the Middle Ages when everyone who liked not the smell of his own burning flesh was a Christian, people handled phallic images as coolly as medical students handle dead frogs." This will give an illustration of the temper and the scholarly character of the book. Perhaps one can not expect too great a degree of consistency from the patient scholar who has amassed so much material that he can not bring it all under the hat of one theory and is forced to fit it under several which do not exactly agree with one another. The publishers announce that Mr. McCabe is "one of the three greatest scholars in the world today." The same kind of touching modesty is to be observed throughout the whole book. (Published by Stratford Co. Through The World Tomorrow Book Shop, \$5.00 postpaid.) R. N.

WE RECOMMEND

Tolstoy, the Inconstant Genius, by Alexander I. Nazaroff. Frederick A. Stokes Co. 332 pages. \$5.00. An extremely readable and withal highly illuminating biography of the immortal but always human Russian-of-the-World.

Canada in the Commonwealth—from Conflict to Coöperation, by Sir Robert Borden. Oxford University Press. 144 pages. \$3.75. Our neighbor to the north is too much taken for granted; our friendly relations with her lead to scant inquiry—is this peace heresy that we are uttering? Be that as it may, these historic and interpretative essays are of value and high interest, once in them.

The Bhagavid-Gita, translated from the Sanskrit by Arthur W. Ryder. University of Chicago Press. 139 pages. \$2.00. The first complete metrical translation in English of the great religious and ethical classic Song of the Blessed One, done brilliantly by the translator of The Panchatantra. The non-resistant strain running through the Song will especially attract our readers who are unfamiliar with it.

Danger Spots in World Population, by Warren S. Thompson. Alfred A. Knopf. 343 pages. \$4.00. Wherein it is shown, and convincingly, that war to some extent begins at home—by too many births, too large populations, too crowded areas, and thus too unharmonious international relations. A straightforward, dependable study of one cause of war about which there has been too little discussion in recent years. The author is an expert, if anybody is.

Tobacco and Physical Efficiency—A Digest of Clinical Data, by Pierre Schrumpf-Pierron, M.D. Paul B. Hoeber, Inc. 134 pages. \$1.85. Whether you are a cigarette-prohibitionist, a neutral puffer from Missouri, or one who smokes like a bacon-curer, here is a chance to get at some honest-to-goodness information. Under the auspices of a distinguished committee, the author made a really exhaustive study, the scope of which

may be indicated by the fact that his bibliography includes 750 references. We don't want to give him away, but the author has got us where, if we puff on occasion, we won't go yawping abroad its beneficent effects but will concede our guilt like the sinner we are. If we were an advertising agent bent on saving the American people from bad health by encouraging the use of Old Suckers or other therapeutic miracles, this book would give us the creeps—its moderation is horribly convincing.

A Modern Comedy, by John Galsworthy. Scribner's. 798 pages. \$2.50. Lovers of John Galsworthy, whom one critic has called England's most civilized writer, will welcome this portmanteau volume containing his last three full-length novels—"The White Monkey," "The Silver Spoon," and "Swan Song"—together with two interludes, "Passers By" and "A Silent Wooing." While not quite another *Forsyte Saga*, it is a penetrating study of the younger Forsytes as they move through the 1920's and face the problems bequeathed them by the war.

CORRESPONDENCE

Attention, Western Liberals

IN connection with the work of the League for Independent Political Action, I am making a trip to the far West. It will be a pleasure to meet subscribers of THE WORLD TOMORROW in the various cities I visit. Any who desire to arrange a speaking engagement for me may do so by corresponding with our national headquarters, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York City.

My itinerary is as follows: I shall be in San Francisco, California, April 2-3; Palo Alto, 4; Los Angeles, 5-8; Eugene, Oregon, 10; Portland, 11-12; Seattle, Washington, 13-14; Spokane, 16-17; Missoula, Montana, 18-19; Helena, 20-21; Bismarck, North Dakota, 23; Fargo, 24; Minneapolis and Saint Paul, 25-29; Iowa City, 30. During May, I expect to be in Fort Wayne, Indiana, on the 1st, and Dayton, Ohio, on the 2nd and 3rd.

New York City

HOWARD Y. WILLIAMS

War With Britain

ON page 100 of your March issue you say: "The conferees are proceeding upon the assumption that there will be war between Great Britain and the United States." Surely the "no" got into that sentence by a printer's blunder. What possible meaning can the talk about "parity" have other than the assumption that there will be war between Great Britain and the United States? Who would care about parity on any other assumption?

Such war "unthinkable"? That is precisely what English and German politicians were saying twenty years ago about war between England and Germany, while they prepared the war.

I do not say there will be war between Great Britain and the United States. I am inclined to think there will not be. But do say the conferees are proceeding on the assumption that there will be; and the politicians and the armament manufacturers and the "patriots" may succeed in making it.

Ithaca, N. Y.

CHARLES E. EDGERTON

We Liked It Too!

I SHOULD like to commend you for your March issue. The sentence shows the faith I have in THE WORLD TOMORROW for I have still to receive my copy. However, I received a letter

evening telling of your offer of ten copies of the Indian num- and it is upon this that I wish particularly to comment. Since recent National Congress in December, I have been scanning papers for additional information, but to no avail. In my d, I have said, "Well, THE WORLD TOMORROW will surely e something to say." So I should like to say thank you for that e. You did not disappoint me!

I have been taking THE WORLD TOMORROW since my Senior r in college, and if there is a cut to be made at any time in number of magazines I read, it will be the very last one to I value it highly and feel I must say thank you for the many cles I have enjoyed.

anta Ana, Calif.

DOROTHY E. CARTWRIGHT

A Protest and a Reply

MAY I protest against the review of Clemenceau's book in your March issue? It is futile to call Clemenceau's points view—evolution and anti-clericalism—outworn. If you will n over the page and note the review of Lowie's book, the sence, "the only things that are clear are man's almost invincible stance to new ideas, particularly if they are rational ones, and large part that accidents of chance have played," justifies such i-clerical attitudes somewhat fully; mankind advances either identally, or else through deliberate attacks on the clerical ndfastnesses of the time. If Mustapha Kemal is praiseworthy his guiding efforts to discard medievalism, why not Clemenu? His part in the Dreyfus affair need shame no one. If he l ever seen a copy of THE WORLD TOMORROW, he would espe- lly and most cordially have detested the intellectual smugness your book reviewers. Purity of heart and excellence of inten- n may be vital, vivid and dynamic, but they also are mislead- when devoted to critical evaluation of anything less divine in the songs of the angels or the music of the spheres.

New York City

JAMES HENDERSON

The purpose of my review, somewhat obscured by editing, was show that in the late 1920's Clemenceau was still fighting the tles of the nineteenth century; in other words, he was knock- g down puppets which he himself set up. That eliminates him an intellectual giant and makes him a bore. I may add that I is not summarizing Clemenceau's life and work, but reviewing e of his books.

New York City.

H. C. ENGELBRECHT

Help the Russian Pacifists!

N Soviet Russia, as in other countries with compulsory mili- tary service, conscientious objectors receive scant considera- n. The Russian government, unlike many others, recognizes m and provides alternative civil service for the members of igious sects historically opposed to war. They serve in what known as the "Civil Battalion," doing public work.

But those who refuse this civil service and those who are out- e the historical anti-war sects go to prison. The followers of olstoy, who are not recognized as a religious sect, suffer especial rdship because their whole philosophy is not only against war t against the State as an institution. The Soviet regime fights ir influence in every way.

We have recently heard from Tolstoyan friends in Moscow of e hardships which these men are enduring in prison. They are need of relief, which the Russian government permits through

one agency in Moscow headed by Catharine Petchkoff, first wife of Maxim Gorki.

We desire to express American sympathy with these young men who have taken a stand for conscience and against war. We there- fore appeal for a fund to be sent through Madame Petchkoff to buy them clothing, food, and books. In all Russian prisons—and these men serve their sentences in the regular prisons with criminals—prisoners are allowed to have their own clothes, to purchase food from the coöperative prison store to supplement the coarse diet, and to have books sent in from outside. Most of the men come from very poor peasant families in the villages. The Tol- stoyan movement itself in Russia is hampered and restricted in every way by the Soviet regime in its intensive drive on all religions and philosophies out of line with Communism, and it is therefore not in a position to collect money for their needs.

Even if we cannot send enough to maintain any regular relief, we can make a gesture of friendship and sympathy which will have moral as well as practical value.

In making this appeal we are not contributing to any propa- ganda for or against the Soviet regime. We are merely stating facts and pleading the cause of conscientious objectors in Russia just as we would plead their cause in any other country which imprisons men for refusal of war service. We regret that the Russian government's program of universal disarmament, which we approve, has not led this government to set the world an example in the treatment of those citizens who bravely begin with disarmament in their own lives.

Gifts and contributions for the relief of these Russian con- scientious objectors may be so designated but made payable and sent to the Fellowship of Reconciliation, 383 Bible House, Astor Place, New York. The Fellowship has consented to act as steward for this fund.

ROGER BALDWIN,

JOHN NEVIN SAYRE,

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD.

New York City.

A Summer School of Social Ethics

MANY readers of THE WORLD TOMORROW will be inter- ested in the plans for a new School of Christian Social Ethics which will be opened next June, under the auspices of the Conference for Church Work to be held on the campus of Welles- ley College. This school is meant, as the prospectus says, for people "seeking to learn what the acceptance of Christian ideals without compromise would mean in political and industrial life." The time is past when the social duty of the Church could be ful- filled by philanthropic schemes however important; nor can a Christian's social convictions be longer determined apart from his religion. Modern Christians acknowledge, at least with their lips, that there is no field of human self-expression irrelevant to their faith; they are sure not only that in every issue civilization confronts, Christianity has a contribution to make, but that in the last analysis it and it alone has a clue to offer.

To find that clue is not easy. No platitudes or snapshot as- sumptions, whether conservative or radical, will place it in our hands. Hard study lies before the Christian community, and it is the audacious hope of the founders of this new enterprise, that the school may help, in a small and modest way, toward the evo- lution of a sound Christian sociology. Three lines of study sum- mon. The first calls for courses on Christian social theory: for

instance, on the relation of Christianity to a philosophy of conflict, economic or political; on Christianity and the institution of private property; Creeds in their social origins. The second line is historical, and here should be taken up all phases of the tangled story of the struggle of Christian idealism to adapt itself to a provisional society. Third, practical applications must not be neglected: the Church and the race problem, the Churches and world peace, Christian ethics for the employer, the employee, the consumer.

Our little school, which lasts ten days, June 24-July 5, is not ambitious. We dream of an Institute of Christian Sociology: what we do this year is to offer three courses. The first, on "The Social Implications of the New Testament," will be taught by Dr. Frank Gavin of the General Theological Seminary, New York. The historical course, on "The Christian Social Awakening of the Nineteenth Century and After," will be in the competent hands of Dr. Niles Carpenter of the University of Buffalo. We are happy in securing for our third course, on "Christianity and the Contemporary Situation," the Rev. V. Auguste Demant, who is sent to us by the Christian Social Council of England. England is in advance of us in this type of religio-sociological study and we look for much help from Mr. Demant. The call to the School goes out from joint representatives of the Wellesley Conference and of the Church League for Industrial Democracy, an Episcopalian society especially solicitous about the application of Christian principles to industry. Members of any church or of no church will be welcomed. None of the courses will be such as can be duplicated in any secular institution, but although all the courses this year happen to be offered by Episcopalians, it is to be hoped that the instruction will not be of a type to be valued by members of only one communion. In addition to the formal courses, afternoon Round Tables for practice in group thinking will be arranged if desired.

The total Conference expense, for room, board, and instruction is forty dollars; \$10.00 payable when you register. The address of the Registrar, Mrs. V. Kenah Davis, is 1352 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks should be made payable to George L. Benedict, Treasurer. Students are housed in the dormitories of Wellesley College, and the beautiful campus, with the lake, swimming pool, tennis courts, etc., offers plenty of recreation.

Wellesley, Mass.

VIDA D. SCUDDER

The Famine in China

ONE of the worst tragedies in history is going on in China where 5,000,000 human beings have already starved to death and where, in one province alone, at least 2,000,000 more are doomed to certain death within the next few months. Harrowing stories of human beings so desperate that they have resorted to cannibalism have been reported by the Associated Press on the authority of missionaries and relief workers who are struggling against appalling odds to save as many as possible of these helpless victims of flood and drought.

Grover Clark, Associate Director of China International Famine Relief Commission, a former American newspaper man, reports that in the Province of Shensi, two millions—practically a third of the entire population—have already died of hunger. Five successive and almost complete crop failures have extorted that dreadful human toll. In Southwestern Shansi, which adjoins Shensi, the food supplies of 2,000,000 more human beings will be completely exhausted before the end of February. According to Mr. Clark the famine extends to three other provinces of China, to Kansu,

Suiyan and Charhar, and the famine zone covers an area of 45,000 square miles with a population of 30,000,000.

An appeal has been issued to the American people on behalf of these unfortunates by Dr. John R. Mott, Bishop F. J. McConnell, President of the Federal Council of Churches, Dr. S. Parkes Cauman, and Dr. David A. Brown, head of the United Jewish Campaign. This appeal has the unqualified endorsement of the Central Conference of American Rabbis, the National Christian Council of China, the Committee on Reference and Counsel of the Foreign Mission Conference, and the Committee on Mercy and Relief of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America. Those of your readers who may be interested in doing their bit toward relieving the distress of the Chinese are asked to send their contribution to the China Famine Relief, U. S. A., 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

New York City

D. O. LIVELY,
National Director

ANNOUNCEMENT

World Essay Contest

THE American School Citizenship League announces a world essay contest for 1930 open to students of all countries. Three prizes of \$75.00, \$50.00 and \$25.00 will be given for the three best essays on each of the two following subjects: (1.) "The teacher's opportunity to strengthen the Kellogg-Briand Pact" (open to students in normal schools and teachers colleges); (2.) "How would world peace benefit the youth of the world" (open to all students in secondary schools). The contest closes July 1st, 1930. Further information as to length of manuscript, preparation, etc., may be obtained on request from the Missions of Mary and Helen Seabury, 414 County Street, New Bedford, Mass.

R. E. A. Convention

THE twenty-seventh annual convention of the Religious Education Association will be held in Cleveland, Ohio, August 23-25, 1930. The subject for discussion is "Social Changes: critical analysis of current social changes and their bearing on theories and methods of character education and religious education." Catholic, Jewish and Protestant leaders will participate in the sessions as well as prominent representatives from church agencies such as public schools, colleges, libraries, Christian associations. Affiliated organizations including the Association of Professional Educators in Local Church Fields and Conference of Workers with Boys will meet in conjunction with the convention.

Among the speakers who will address the various sessions are Ellsworth Faris, of the University of Chicago; John Henry Randall, Jr., of Columbia University; Samuel McCrea Cavert, Secretary of the Federal Council of Churches; H. Paul Douglas, of the Institute of Social and Religious Research; H. Stock Sullivan, of the American Psychiatric Association; Frank J. Bruno, of Washington University.

Anyone who is interested in the development of moral and religious attitudes through the church, family, public schools, and other agencies is welcome to attend. Further information may be obtained from the Religious Education Association, 308 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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edited by Kirby Page

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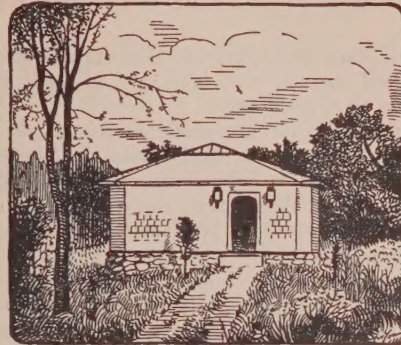
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The Last Page

THE evil that men do lives after them—and why not? The good they do will take care of itself if they only have an alert press agent.

Were it not for my access to this department which goes into every home in the land—more or less—the general public would go on just as before, unaware of the great historic rôle I have played at the London naval conference.

When I presented myself at St. James Palace, I was received warmly; the more I persisted in my efforts to get in, the warmer the guards became. Finally, I drew myself up (being the only person in the world outside of story writers who knows how the feat is done) and declared, in the best diplomatic tradition, "Sir, conscious of the amicable relations which have existed so long between us, and expressing the utmost of good intentions toward all the world, I have the honor to bid your respected excellencies go jump in the lake."

The doorman turned on his heel, bit it, and strode through the door in high dudgeon. Nobody, however, excels Eccentricus for quick thinking in an emergency, and in the second before the doorman's dudgeon rose and the door slammed, I seized his dudgeon, shinned up it in a jiffy, and rode triumphantly within. I have conquered many a ticklish situation by surmounting the dudgeons of others.

In this case my determination had redounded to my distinct advantage. With exultation I was borne into the inner chamber, where I peered down upon the brilliant assemblage of negotiators.

I HAD read in the papers about the thick fog of uncertainty which hung over the conference, and I was certainly grateful for it now. I could see without being seen, hear without being heard, learn without being, er, learned.

Down below I could discern the chairman trying to bring the delegates to order with his cavil—I mean his gavel. A droning voice arose, and methought as I listed (to starboard) I heard it chanting,

To reduce or not reduce, that is the question.
Whether 'tis better to reduce a bit,
Or build a bigger, better navée,
Then reduce.

The fog settled down heavier than ever, but a rift opened up for an instant and I could see that the speaker was Secretary Winsome of Amerundia. Beside him several heads nodded, some as if in sleep, some in apparent agreement, one shaking horizontally as if perturbed—was it a Reed, shaken by the wind?

A sturdy figure rose and spoke in jerky sentences. At first I could not hear what he said, but gathered that he was discussing rivers and harbors, for plainly I heard several remarks pertaining to dams. Ah! now I could see a little better—yes, it was none other than Ambassador Jaws, in characteristic fighting mood. "Gentlemen," he said, paying no heed to the roar of laughter from the press gallery that followed the word, "I demand that we get down to brass tacks, to cases, to bed-rock, and order this conference around the very cogent proposal just stated by our spokesman. We should firmly hold to every last jot and tittle, neither dotting our t's nor crossing our eyes."

A suave voice from across the room replied in polite expostulation. "*Vraiment, mes buckaroos*, the whole worl' it is aware of how outworn are our nation's jots. In every category of tittles we are lacking in safety, and all this in the face off a tremendous superiority in tittles on the parrr of Ganglia-Saxo and Mediterranean! We are willing to limit *les* jots, *oui*, but cease building tittles? Nevair!"

NOW uprose Prime Minister McScot. "We are here," said he in his mellow tones, "because we're here." A wave of applause swept around the room; the dust was terrific. "I gave a solemn pledge," he went on, deep concern evident in exhalation, "to agree on naval reduction. We have reached the point in our deliberations, where with deliberation we have deliberately agreed that reduction faces rough seas and hurricanes. Having agreed upon reduction, therefore let us proceed to examine the possibilities of limitation. Do not forget, my friends, that limitation is the sincerest flattery."

Secretary Winsome was instantly on his feet. "The way to reduce, as Shakespeare said—or was it Bernarr MacFadden is to reduce. But we've been over all that. What we have face now is the concrete issue of whether we are to apply the principle of limitation to reduction."

A chorus of voices arose and assailed my ears. But I let them take their punishment, while with a small brush I glued my eyes to the rostrum. Here stood the chairman, his hand raised significantly for silence. Confusion increased; I could hardly see through the heavy atmosphere, overcharged, like everything else, at conferences.

Ambassador Jaws suddenly arose, raised his voice in—said we say abjuration?—and offered a remedy. "I propose," said he, "that we bring this whole matter up to Morrow." Immediately every last delegate was on his feet, ready for adjournment, but to sink back with baffled expressions when informed that this was not precisely what was meant. Bedlam broke loose, and was nailed down by vicious strokes of the chairman's bungster. Quiet descended upon the meeting, as softly as Night falls over the living-room rug.

OUT of the chaos a cry, out of the void a voice. It is of gay Paree, though through it speak the accents of an old gall. "My countree," it promised, "will agree to a drastic limitation of reduction, if only, should there come a need—I mean a threat—of warr, *mes amis* of the othaire nations will agree to—what ees it that *les medecins* call themselves?—ah, a consultation. Can anybody object?"

The chairman rose to the occasion with a crisp impromptu speech. "All those in favor," said he, "weel stand up and be counted." To the last man, every delegation rose—save one. And that was the uneasy, harassed, divided group from Amerundia. Finally uprose Winsome, uprose Jaws, uprose all but the one. Upon this trio, clearly, hung the fate of the conference. At that moment, ladies and gentlemen, fraught with incalculable potential of good and evil!

IT was here that I struck my personal blow for the welfare of my fellow men. Leaning down carefully from the high rostrum whereon I had balanced myself all this time, I whistled an exact and indubitable rhythm the opening bars of the Star Spangled Banner. No good American could withstand that; no Amerindian; least of all a "little American." As one man the calcitrant trio found their feet, placed them on the floor, stood, not without bewilderment, upon them. A loud cheer went up, while Eccentricus, covered with elation and thus unseen, all stole out to the busy streets of Londontown, thankful that in a crisis he had done his duty and saved the conference.

And so, dear readers, while you are hailing the supermen brought about at London whatever, if anything, was brought about, do not forget the humble labors of that wizard of the craft who signs himself so modestly

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CHANNING POLLOCK—American Dramatist

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